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AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER.

## THE FENIAN RISING.

The latest reports from Ireland show the insurrection in rather less formidable colours than it first assumed. The troops and the police, even in the smallest detachments, are more than a match for the rebels, whose tactics seem not to have included fighting, but to have been directed only to deeds of mischief and the establishment of a chronic condition of terror and alarm. Indeed, the utter hopelessness of such a movement enhances tenfold the wickedness of its projectors. It has been found that hundreds of unfortunate dupes have been induced to leave respectable situations, as shopmen and artisans, to take up arms; property has been destroyed, the employment of capital diverted from the country, and the physical, moral, and social improvement of the people retarded for

years. Under such circumstances it is impossible to avoid the wish that the vengeance of the outraged laws may fall heavily upon those, whether foreigners or natives, who have instigated the deeds of outrage which have been perpetrated. It is somewhat remarkable that whatever the object of the rising may have been, no manifestoes or strong appeals to the passions of the people have given any clue to its ultimate purpose. The "hereditary bondsmen" of O'Connell have not even been heard of.

## STATE OF CORK.

The *Cork Examiner* thus describes the excitement caused in that city, and the surrounding districts by the Fenian rising:—The effects of the occurrences of the last few days were visible on Thursday week in Cork. Trade was generally at a standstill, the

only centres of excitement seeming to be the newspaper offices of the city; and towards nightfall the gloominess of the weather, the early closing of many of the shops, and the almost deserted streets, made the city present the dullest and most cheerless of aspects. All the public-houses of the city were closed at six o'clock, and from that hour the streets were almost entirely deserted and silent.

The complaints amongst the shopkeepers and merchants of the city were loud and plentiful against the interruption brought on their business by the present movement. Trade, they say, has entirely stagnated, and it will be some time before it recovers its activity again. People, indeed, feel indisposed to enter actively into their ordinary avocations amongst the hundreds of wild and startling rumours floating about the city; and, indeed, to say truth



THE FENIAN ATTACK UPON THE POLICE BARRACKS.

the real palpable events they are cognisant are taking place around them. It will thus probably, even after the suppression of the present *émeute*, take some time before the troubled waters of public life in the city will be restored to their former equanimity, or that things will progress in their usual steady work-a-day fashion amongst us.

#### ATTEMPT TO LIFT THE RAILS AT DUNDRUM.

Shortly after daybreak on Saturday morning James Kelly, a milesman in the employment of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, discovered that an attempt had been made during the night to lift the rails on the line near the Friends' Meeting House, midway between the Dundrum and Milltown stations. Why the attempt did not succeed, except for want of proper appliances to effect their object, is not known, because it does not appear that the parties were met either by military or police. Sufficient evidence, however, remains that mischief was intended. One of the rails was slightly disturbed, but it is difficult to say how the displacement was effected—whether by an effort to lift the rail by itself, or the rail and wood to which it was secured together. The disturbance was not such as to interfere with the passing of the trains. Traces of footmarks were observed at the spot, showing that some hard tugging at the rail took place. The telegraph wires at this part of the line were cut, and the lower part of one of the telegraph posts was partially sawed. Mr. Monahan, the station-master at Dundrum, reported the matter to the police at the adjoining station. Numerous traces of footmarks were noticed between Windybarbour and Dundrum.

#### ENGAGEMENTS IN TIPPERARY.

A detachment of the 31st Regiment and a troop of Carabiniers gallantly captured the old Danish fort at Ballyhurst, near Tipperary, which had been taken possession of by a numerous and well-armed body of Fenians. The troops, accompanied by Mr. D. Garnet, R.M., under the command of Major Lind, charged up the hill with fixed bayonets, firing as they went, and drove the entire Fenian body out of the fort. The pursuit was followed up for four miles. One Fenian was shot dead. Several were seen to fall, but were carried off by the insurgents. Seventeen were taken prisoners, including the leader, named Burke, and quantities of arms and ammunition.

#### FIVE FENIANS SHOT BY THE MILITARY.

The whole district of which Limerick is the centre, is in a state of the most feverish excitement, and not without just cause. Every hour brings in some intelligence of a new disaster, or of acts of wanton outrage and malicious violence, also statements calculated to awaken the most serious apprehensions for the consequences. Colonel Gleeson, the brother of the famous general, of Federal and Mountjoy Prison notoriety, is the chief in command of the Fenians of this district, including Tipperary, and is associated with a number of unprincipled and reckless adventurers, who are trading with a vengeance on the credulity and ignorance of their dupes, whose sufferings in the mountains and outlying woods during the past fortnight must not have been surpassed by anything since the first Bonaparte's campaign in Russia. Exposed to weather not equalled in severity by anything we have experienced at this season of the year, thousands of deluded men, without clothing, food, or shelter, and harassed on every side by a well-organised and determined military force, have been roving from place to place to avoid their active pursuers, and are now reduced to a state of misery that has made them desperate and regardless of consequences. The heavy snow and bitter wind are driving them from their strongholds and hiding-places in the mountain districts, and it is to be feared that the Fenian incursions will be frequent and disastrous before the insurgents can be captured or shot down. Marauding parties, out for plunder and aggression, have been driven down by the weather. While a detachment of the 6th Carabiniers were out on patrol duty, and passing along the road between Limerick and Tipperary, they came up with a large party of armed Fenians, who offered resistance when their capture was attempted by the cavalry. Shots were exchanged, when five of the insurgents were killed; several were taken prisoners, and the great majority effected a hurried and disorderly retreat into places where the horse soldiers could not follow. The worst fears that could be entertained of the lawless and desperate attacks that are likely to be made on the constabulary stations, as well as on the homes of the gentry and well-disposed people of the district, were confirmed by the intelligence that the little town of Pallas, county Limerick, had been entered by a strong armed force of Fenians, who marched to the constabulary station, which is a little outside the town. The police barricaded the doors and windows, and made ready to defend themselves, but such a course was hopeless, as the assailants were present in large numbers and well armed. The inmates wisely determined on a retreat, and made for the town, which they reached in safety. They were not long gone when the Fenians, said to be led on by one of Colonel Gleeson's chief lieutenants, entered and pillaged the police barrack, and then set it on fire. After it had been reduced to ashes, the heroes retraced their steps to the town, where it is said they got possessed of food and clothing, of which they stood in much need.

#### NEWS FROM DUBLIN.

Several arrests were made in Dublin on Saturday evening; the parties are said to constitute the Fenian war council. Eleven of the prisoners were armed desperately. A reward of £250 is offered for the arrest of Captain Dunne, who commanded the Fenian attack at Kilmallock. The police barrack of Mount Mellick was attacked on Saturday night. The police killed two of their assailants.

More military have been sent to Limerick Junction and to Limerick city. Mallow is also being strongly garrisoned.

Special commissions will be issued at once for Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, to try the Fenian prisoners.

#### PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES IN KILLARNEY.

With the exception of the arrival of troops and police from the adjoining towns and stations nothing has taken place in the late "seat of war" worthy of attention. Fears are, however, still apprehended by the authorities of another rising in some parts of the county. At Glentress the police evacuated their barrack and took up their quarters at Shinagh, where they still remain. Other county stations in the neighbourhood of Killarney have been evacuated, as apprehensions were in the early part of last week entertained of some disturbance taking place in Killarney. These apprehensions have not been realised, and, with the exception of the usual nocturnal amusement in the streets during "Shelley's Night," not a single instance occurred to justify the local authorities in supposing that a rising was to take place in Killarney on the above night. In the event of a second "rising" taking place in this county it is the intention of the magistracy to place under arrest every person throughout the county whom they suspect are either connected with the Fenian conspiracy or possessed of Fenian proclivities.

#### OUTRAGE AT KILMALLOCK.

Wednesday, the first day of Lent, the village was astir earlier than usual, because on that day crowds came in from the country round to early mass, in order to obtain the ashes distributed on this occasion, to which the peasants attach great importance. Possibly this fact was the reason why the morning in question was selected for the rising, since groups of men coming into the town at an early hour were less likely to excite attention than on an ordinary day. The police patrols who had been round during the night reported all quiet. Somewhere about six o'clock, however, bands of men armed with guns and pikes were seen advancing towards the town from different points. These bands varied from about twenty to fifty in number; and it is said the whole force amounted to some five hundred men.

A party of these Fenians proceeded to the house of Mr. Bourne, the manager of a local bank, lying on the outskirts of the town, and asked him to give up his arms; on his refusal, some Russell amidst the lot fired at him and wounded him in the neck. The chief point of the attack was, however, the police barrack, a small square two-storied stone house, with a slate roof, standing in a garden close to the road, the ground-floor windows of which are not more than two or three feet from the ground. In this barrack there are thirty windows, and the defending force consisted of fifteen constables, three women, and eight children. As soon as the alarm was given, the women were placed against the wall between the windows, so as to be as much out of the way of shot as possible. During the two hours that the assault lasted they never gave way for a moment, but cheered every time a volley was fired. The rebels meanwhile collected round the building, firing from behind the walls as they advanced. The police fired in return from the windows. The first rush of the Fenians was to seize a man called Carroll, noted for his loyalty, and to send him up to the barrack door, threatening to shoot him if he returned. The poor fellow begged and implored the police, who knew him well, to let him in; but they were certain that if they once opened the door the Fenians would rush in, and they told Carroll through the door they must shoot him if he remained where he was. When this stratagem failed, the insurgents rolled up a barrel smeared with tar, which is still lying in the yard of the barrack, and made an ineffectual attempt to set fire to the door. They also drilled a hole in the wall about half an inch deep, with the object of blowing up the building; but the chief energies of the assailants were devoted to firing from a safe distance. A priest who saw the affair stated that the Fenians generally turned their heads away when they fired, and that most of the shots went into the air. Tidings of the attack had spread about, and some time between seven and eight Inspector Mallon arrived at Kilmallock with eleven constables. On reaching the bridge which crosses a narrow stream running behind the barrack, his party fired a volley at the insurgents, and forthwith they broke and fled, throwing their arms away, and scampering, as an eye-witness said, "like frightened deer."

#### ELOCUTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AMONGST the reforms desirable in the House of Commons is a reform in the art of speaking. We do not mean that every member should seek to become an orator. Far less than that would satisfy the great want. We ask only for some slight acquaintance with the laws of enunciation, and for that slight acquaintance with the laws of acoustics which would enable a member to be certain that he could be heard. Public speaking is useless unless it is articulate speech. The object of uttering words is to convey them to the hearer so that he may know what is said. To put him in possession of that knowledge the words must be distinctly enunciated, and the tone of the voice must be loud enough to reach the most distant person in the audience. Many members seem quite ignorant of these rules, or utterly neglectful of them; and while we may excuse the ordinary member who puts a question or makes a few remarks, yet we cannot excuse those members who fill, or hope to fill, high positions, or aspire to influence the House. The astonishing thing is that with such excellent models before them—Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, The O'Donnell, Mr. Coleridge, and many others of less note—several conspicuous members should persist in refusing to remedy a neglected part of their education. Mr. W. E. Forster occupies a distinguished position in the House, and exerts considerable influence; he could double it by a little attention to the art of public speaking. If his weighty sentences and forcible opinions were clearly and neatly enunciated, their weight and force would be tripled. Lord Hartington is probably destined to be a leading man in the Liberal party as long as he sticks to politics. Now, the heir of the Cavendishes may think that he need not seek any other distinction, and that it is only the Brights, Disraelis, and Gladstones who require to speak in a manner that ensures their being heard, and heard with pleasure. But, if so, he underrates the influence of speech. If he would hold his head up, utter and not swallow his words, and level them at the most distant member of the House, he would rise at once in its estimation, and would enhance his influence. It is a sort of scandal that it should not be a pleasure to hear one whose speeches read so well. Colonel Barretto is not a great speaker, but his elocution might be imitated with effect by men of higher mark. Even Mr. Lowe, who is so eagerly listened to because he is amusing, would produce a greater effect if he spoke with more care, and did not drop his voice so often at the end of a sentence. It may seem invincible to point out men by name in this way and criticise their defects. But our excuse is that they are men worth criticism; that they are performing public duties; and that they would perform the speaking part better if they spoke always so that they could be heard. We lament that their education in the matter of utterance should have been so neglected, and we are sure a very little trouble on their part would make their speeches more intelligible, more telling, more persuasive, and undoubtedly they would be more pleasant to hear. Surely the art of speaking distinctly—the art of elocution—should be taught at all our schools, and especially at our public schools. When it has been taught in our schools for a generation or two, the speech one hears, or tries to hear, in the House of Commons will be of a more articulate kind than it is now.—*Sunday Gazette*.

Rubenstein, the pianist, whose remarkable execution excited the admiration of the public of London some years ago, has written an opera, which has been a more decided failure than any of his former productions. The most strenuous efforts of his friends were unable to save *The Children of the Desert* from the fate which it justly deserved. Rubenstein's extraordinary talents as a player have never been disputed, but musical critics have long made up their minds as to his merits as a composer, and his late *fiasco* at Moscow was so complete that he will, perhaps, begin to see that they are right.

#### PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

On Thursday the Lords had quite a long sitting, meeting at their usual hour of five, and not rising till nearly half-past seven.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BILL.

Lord Houghton having protested against the course which had been adopted in reference to this Bill, Lord Derby stated that the matter was very fully discussed by the committee of their lordships' house, and he had placed the names of two eminent members of the House of Commons on the commission, according to what he understood to be the wish of their lordships.

#### TRADES' UNIONS BILL.

Lord Belmore, the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, moved the second reading of this Bill, and explained the circumstances which lead to its introduction. After some remarks from Lord Cranworth, Lord Houghton, and Earl Granville, the Bill was read a second time.

#### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

General Peel, although no longer a Minister of the Crown, on Thursday evening moved the Army Estimates. He said that though they exceeded those of last year by £12,200, they were framed, as stated in the Queen's speech, with a view to efficiency and economy. The total estimate for the present year was £14,752,200. The number of men which he should ask the committee to vote was 139,163, being an increase of 1,724 over those voted last year. At the conclusion of his very able speech, the ex-minister was loudly cheered. The Marquis of Hartington, as a late Minister of War, of course, gave the House the benefit of his views. After Mr. O'Reilly had had his say, Lord E. Cecil rose to address the House. After he had uttered a sentence or two his lordship utterly broke down, through ill-health. This is much to be regretted, as it is generally understood that his lordship has given a good deal of attention to military affairs. It is to be hoped as Mr. Gladstone gracefully said, that on some future occasion his lordship would be able to give the House the benefit of his views. After a pretty general approval of the proposals by Mr. Gladstone, and a little more talk, the vote was agreed to.

#### THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

On Friday the Duke of Argyll moved for a copy of a note addressed to the Porte by the three Powers, Great Britain, France, and Russia, on the 8th of April, 1830, and to call the attention of the House to the papers (presented to Parliament by Her Majesty's command) respecting the late insurrection in the island of Crete. After a somewhat lengthy debate, in which Lord Derby, the Earl of Kimberley, and Earl Grey took part, the motion was withdrawn.

#### THE TORNADO.

In reply to the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Derby stated that, in anticipation of a debate on the subject, he had brought down some further papers, but found it would not be possible to produce all the correspondence up to the present, matters in Spain being in a state of such complete uncertainty. As soon as anything like a termination, or even a stopping-point, was reached, he should be happy to do so.

#### THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

In the Commons on Friday, on the motion of Colonel Taylor, the following writs were ordered to be issued for the election of a burgess for the borough of Droitwich, in the room of Sir J. Pakington, who has accepted the office of one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State; of a knight of the shire for the Northern Division of the county of Devon, in the room of Sir S. Northcote, who has also accepted the office of one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State; and of a knight of the shire for the county of Tyrone, in the room of Mr. Corry, who has accepted the office of First Lord of the Admiralty.

#### THE DUTIES OF VOLUNTEERS.

There was a long discussion on the duties of volunteers, originated by Mr. W. E. Forster, one of the members for Bradford, and recently an officer of the 23rd West Riding Volunteers. Earl Grosvenor, Lord Elcho, Colonel Loyd Lindsey, Mr. Tom Hughes, and other volunteer officers took part in the discussion. The Attorney-General, on behalf of the Government, said that volunteers could not be called out as a military body, but that they were not released from the duties which fell on every subject of the Crown. He deprecated strongly any legislation which would limit the power, under a great emergency, of those who were responsible for the peace of the country.

#### THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Mr. B. Hope moved a resolution affirming the expediency of suspending the search of passengers' baggage at Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven during the French Exhibition. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Hunt refused to give any pledge on the subject, and on Mr. Disraeli promising to give the matter his attention, Mr. B. Hope withdrew his motion.

#### RITUALISM.

On Monday, in the Lords, the Earl of Shaftesbury introduced a Bill for regulating the use of sacrificial vestments in the office of the Church.

#### MORE REFORM RETURNS.

Earl Russell moved for certain returns in connexion with the Representation of the People in Parliament. At the close of his speech his Lordship said that if it was found to be necessary that the working classes should be admitted to a greater share in the representation, he trusted it would not be at the complete extinction of the power of the middle classes. After a smart reply from Lord Derby, in which his Lordship designated Earl Russell's speech as a Reform autobiography, the motion was agreed to.

#### VALUATION OF PROPERTY BILL.

In the Commons, there was a long discussion on this Bill. Mr. Hunt eventually agreed to refer it to a Select Committee.

#### METROPOLITAN POOR RELIEF BILL.

Five hours were spent in Committee on this Bill. A few verbal alterations were made in the Bill, and the Committee rejected, by 92 to 27, a proposal to omit clause 79, which gives the Poor Law Board power to nominate a certain number of guardians.

#### NORTH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION BILL.

On Tuesday, the Lords having agreed to the Commons' amendments to the above Bill, it was passed, and will become law immediately after receiving the Royal assent.

In the Commons, owing to Lord Elcho postponing his motion respecting the Search Game Laws, the sitting was brought to a sudden close at twenty minutes to six.

#### THE LIBEL BILL.

This Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons on Wednesday, and afterwards referred to a select committee.

## LONDON GOSSIP.

The fact of next year being a "leap-year" has added £13,000 to the estimates. That is one day's pay for the forces.

It is said that Dr. William Smith, who last week resigned the classical professorship at New College, is to be the new editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

By a return just published, it appears that the total issue of Bank notes for the month of January last was £165,950,000. For the month of October, 1866, the total issue was £152,692,000.

Lord Cloncurry has written to Lord Howth asking to have his name struck off the deputy-lieutenant's list, in consequence of Mr. Joynt, lord mayor of Dublin, being placed upon it in room of the late Mr. Dargan.

A magnificent collection of jewellery "the property of a man of rank," was disposed of at Mr. Phillips's rooms, in New Bond-street, London, on Friday week and the day preceding, and realised upwards of £8,000.

The New Hereford-street (Sheffield) Outrage Committee have withdrawn the offer of a reward of £1,100 for the detection of the person who threw a can of gunpowder into the house of a grinder, named Farnethough, in October last. The offer has been perfectly fruitless.

It is stated that the engine-drivers of the North-Eastern Railway have sent in proposals to the board, of which the chief features are a considerable advance of wages, giving first-class drivers as much as 7s. 6d. per day, or 25 per cent advance, and the reduction of the day's labour to 10 hours, every two hours of overtime to count as a quarter of a day. There are some other demands as to the settlement of disputes by the board instead of its officers. The North-Eastern men are awaiting the result of a similar movement on the Great Northern.

There now seems to be every probability that the Easter Monday Volunteer Review will be held this year at Dover. A committee of volunteer officers have visited the site offered by the town, and it is understood that they will make a favourable report. The railway companies have acted in the most liberal spirit, and there is no doubt the town will furnish the necessary guarantee. As the Commander in Chief has given his sanction to the garrison taking part in the review, in the event of Dover, being selected, the proceedings will this year possess an unusual amount of interest.

The illness under which her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is actually suffering is rheumatic inflammation of the knee joint; a complaint which is certainly painful, and may be expected to involve a tedious recovery, but which is far from warranting the alarming reports in circulation. There are no symptoms beyond those of rheumatism; nothing to cause any serious apprehension. On the contrary, the general health of her Royal Highness, in spite of a prolonged want of rest, is such as to justify the firm belief that her recovery will depend solely upon that careful and skilful treatment which has been so amply provided.

A few weeks ago, attention was drawn to a fresh importation of scurvy into the country in British ships. By inquiry it was found that 20 cases were brought by two of these vessels, and no less than 42 by five others, making 62 during the past two months of the present year. Of these 30 were received at the Dreadnought Hospital. The Board of Trade made investigations with regard to four of these vessels. As yet little has transpired, but it was found at an inquest held at Greenwich, from the evidence of Dr. Dickson, R.A., one of the inspectors, that on board one of these vessels, instead of lime-juice, a dilution of citric acid was made use of. Both Dr. Dickson and Mr. H. Leach declared this to be useless as an anti-scorbutic agent.

The Society of Apothecaries have closed the portal by which Miss Garrett, the only English female medical practitioner, has been enabled to enter the profession. The three young ladies whose success at the preliminary arts examination of the society we lately chronicled, will find it necessary to adopt some other, and as yet undiscovered, mode of obtaining a medical diploma in this country—if, indeed, there be any such means. The court of examiners have resolved that they will not receive any certificates of lectures or of anatomical instruction delivered in private to particular students, apart from the ordinary classes of public recognised medical schools. It is, of course, impossible for ladies to carry on their medical, surgical, and anatomical studies in mixed public classes; and this resolution amounts, as it is avowedly intended, to an exclusion of female candidates from the only medical diploma hitherto open to them. Besides Miss Garrett, there is one other lady medical practitioner on the British register, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, a graduate of the University of Geneva, whose diploma and claim to registration have been admitted by the General Medical Council of Great Britain.

To "smart young men who want"—not "a hat," as a well-known advertiser on steamboat pier hoardings says—but "a chance," the following is too good a thing to be lost. Turning one's "noble into ninepence" is an easy, everyday operation. But turning one's ninepence into a "noble" requires a master mind, like unto that of the generous philanthropist who penned the funny advertisement hereto appended, which appeared in the *Era* of March 10. From two to three hundred per cent. is not bad interest on an investment. We, therefore, in the interests of common humanity—we do not say common credulity—give our readers the following "straight tip," feeling sure that, in slang phraseology, it will "take" *Rake* "all his time" to open and read the mass of letters which will doubtless choke up the letter-box of —, Fleet-street. After this recommendation we are confident that any of our readers who hasten to profit by it will—when they have made their fortunes through *Rake's* instrumentality—in the words of certain tipsters, "act honorable and reward us out of their vining." "To CAPITALISTS.—Wanted, a gentleman with £1,000, to join this advertiser in a sporting speculation, which will realise from two to three thousand per annum. A gentleman preferred who stands high at Tattersall's and the Clubs. The strictest secrecy observed.—Address, 'Rake,' —, Fleet-street, London, E.C."

The Civil Service Estimate for the department of education, science, and art, for which the sum of £1,457,551 is required this year, is almost the same sum as that voted last year. For elementary schools, normal schools, and the administration the sum wanted is £705,865. Among other valuable details given in connection with the working of the Revised Code of 1866, it appears that in England grants were made for 915,714 day scholars at 9s. 4d., and for 56,470 evening scholars at 5s. 8d. a head. In Scotland the code of 1860 is still in force, and for Ireland a special

vote is taken of £314,699 for the national schools. £74,000 is granted for normal schools; £30,000 for the building, enlargement, and repairs of schools; while the central administration in the Privy Council, with inspectors and others, costs £82,000. The Science and Art Department also swells in importance, but we must admit that that department has really done much to promote science and intelligent taste throughout the country. There is here a vote of £53,799 for the Universal Exhibition in Paris, with a memorandum showing the expenses to be £116,000. The imperfect control exercised by members is illustrated here, when we see how a Royal Commission has bound this country to any amount the Exhibition may cost, without any vote of Parliament, or even the consent of the Privy Council, under whom the Commission acted. The subject has already provoked public criticism.

The special offices and devotions of Lent will be observed with the greatest ceremony at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, London, where the Forty Hours' prayer was begun on Sunday last. At the Exposition of the Blessed Sacraments in the morning, Dr. Manning, the titular Archbishop of Westminster, walked in procession; and high mass was celebrated by Dr. Gilbert and other priests, both then and in the evening, several hours being thus occupied. The "religion of the senses," as the Romish faith is sometimes called by Protestants, or the "religion of the heart," as those by whom it is held would prefer calling it, has nowhere in this country a more dignified home than St. Mary's cathedral; yet those hallowed incentives to reverence and devotion which even we abjurers of the Papacy feel when visiting the vast and ancient churches of other lands are almost wholly wanting here. The confined space allows no room for the meretricious glitter of tinselled gew-gaws to get into perspective, and to become mellowed, as in the "dim religious light" of Gothic distance. It is easy to perceive that a very large number, perhaps the larger number, of people entering the church or chapel of St. Mary, in Moorfields, on such an occasion as on Sunday last, are attracted by the music, the lights, the flowers, the embroidered banners, the formalities and the show. They pass the holy water with indifference, and seat themselves much after the ordinary manner of getting to the numbered stalls of concert room. This was positively the case with five out of six ladies and gentlemen who paid for reserved places near the altar in the evening, whatever may have been the proportion of devotees to *dilettanti* in other parts of the edifice. Notably the point in the ceremony was the reading, at each mass, of a "temperance" pastoral, from "Henry Edward, by the grace of God and the favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster, to the Faithful of the said diocese."

## FOREIGN SCRAPS.

The Duchess Sophia of Bavaria, daughter of the King of Saxony, died on Saturday last of diphtheria.

It is expected that the negotiations for the conclusion of a Treaty of Commerce between Austria and Italy will have a favourable issue before Easter.

The number of Romans now residing in the territories under the government of Victor Emmanuel is estimated at 14,000.

The Lille journals announce the resignation of M. Flamen, Mayor of that town. The weak state of his health is the cause of that step.

On Saturday, in the North German Parliament, the debate on the draught of the Constitution commenced. The Tribunes were crowded, and the Crown Prince of Prussia was present in the Royal box.

A commission has been appointed to carry out a series of experiments relative to submarine mines at Toulon. It is expected to commence its labours by an examination of the different systems of torpedoes.

Advices from Dijon announce the death of M. Louis Boulanger, well known as a painter, and for the last seven years director of the School of the Fine Arts in that town. His age was sixty-one.

The *Esperance du Peuple*, of Nantes, announces that the firm of Duval and Co., druggists, has failed. The liabilities are said to reach 1,300,000f. The amount of the assets has not yet been ascertained.

The French Senate is about to discuss a proposal saddling bachelors with an annual tax, the half of which is to go to the founding hospitals, overflowing just now, though the population is awfully decreasing on the whole. This would be a step in the right direction.

The American House of Representatives has ordered the immediate appointment of a committee on foreign relations, in view of the approaching Confederation of the British North American provinces. A resolution expressive of sympathy with Ireland was also referred to the same committee.

A telegram has been received from Admiral Larocque, dated Vera Cruz, the 28th of February, announcing that 16,000 French troops had embarked and left for France, all in good health. The Admiral hoped that the evacuation of Mexico would be complete by the 8th of March.

The *France* confirms the accuracy of a recent telegram from St. Petersburg which announced that an understanding had been arrived at between England, France, and Russia on the Eastern question, adding that the question ceases to wear a grave aspect from the moment that those Powers are agreed as to its solution.

It is stated the Austrian Government intends to submit to the Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet the proposal for farming the tobacco monopoly, in order to obtain the measure of the sanction of both those Assemblies. Should they assent to the proposal, the farming will be offered to general competition by tender.

The *cotillon* makes a great *furore* in the high life balls. A new figure has been added to it, which is gracious but rather dangerous. Every lady receives in turn a bow and a golden dart. She aims at a *cardinal*, the dart dies and strikes at his heart or his eyes. I don't think that the innervation will take in England.

The village of Charbonnier (Savoie) has just been entirely destroyed by a fire, which broke out in a barn, and quickly extended to all the houses and other buildings. Six persons lost their lives, and several others received injury. Several head of cattle were burnt, with all the corn, forage, &c. The sufferers have found a temporary asylum in the surrounding villages, the great part having been rendered entirely destitute by the calamity.

A decree has been issued in Spain relative to the press law. Among other new regulations it fixes the caution-money for political journals at 40,000 reals. It maintains the censorship and authorizes the seizure of journals before they are put in circulation. The responsibility for articles published in the newspapers will rest with the author or the editor, and the printer will, in all cases of prosecution, be treated as an accomplice. Every print published without authorisation will be regarded as a clandestine publication.

A horrible suicide is reported from Lerida, in Spain. A few days ago a man was brought into the hospital of that place in a dreadful state of mutilation. It appeared he had locked himself up in his room, ripped himself open with a knife, and torn out his intestines, cutting them into fragments, and throwing them about the room. He then opened the door, and called his wife, whose horror may be easily conceived. At the hospital, being asked his motive for the act, he said he was driven to it by violent pains in the stomach. He lived until the following day.

A gardener of Vienne (France), when lately engaged in digging, discovered a Roman tomb containing the skeleton of a young girl, partly decomposed, as well as some curious objects of jewellery. The most remarkable is a necklace, formed of gold wire articulated in figures of 8, separated from each other by six beads of red cornelian, dividing the whole into seven equal parts, with two gold beads pendant in front. Two gold pins were also found, and a fibula for attaching the plumb at the shoulder, made of copper gilt and inlaid with flowers in enamel. There were also five hair pins, one in bronze and the rest in ivory.

The bill for the reorganisation of the army is the all-absorbing topic of the day in Paris—indeed in all France. The great principle of the bill is that every able-bodied adult is bound to spend a portion of his life in the military service of his country. No exemptions are to be allowed except for the lame, the halt, and the blind. The measure is also to be retroactive, and soldiers now serving in the army or in the reserve are, at the expiration of their term of service, to be embodied for two years in the Mobilised National Guard. When the bill was read in the Corps Législatif, one of the members exclaimed, "that is the crowning of the edifice!"

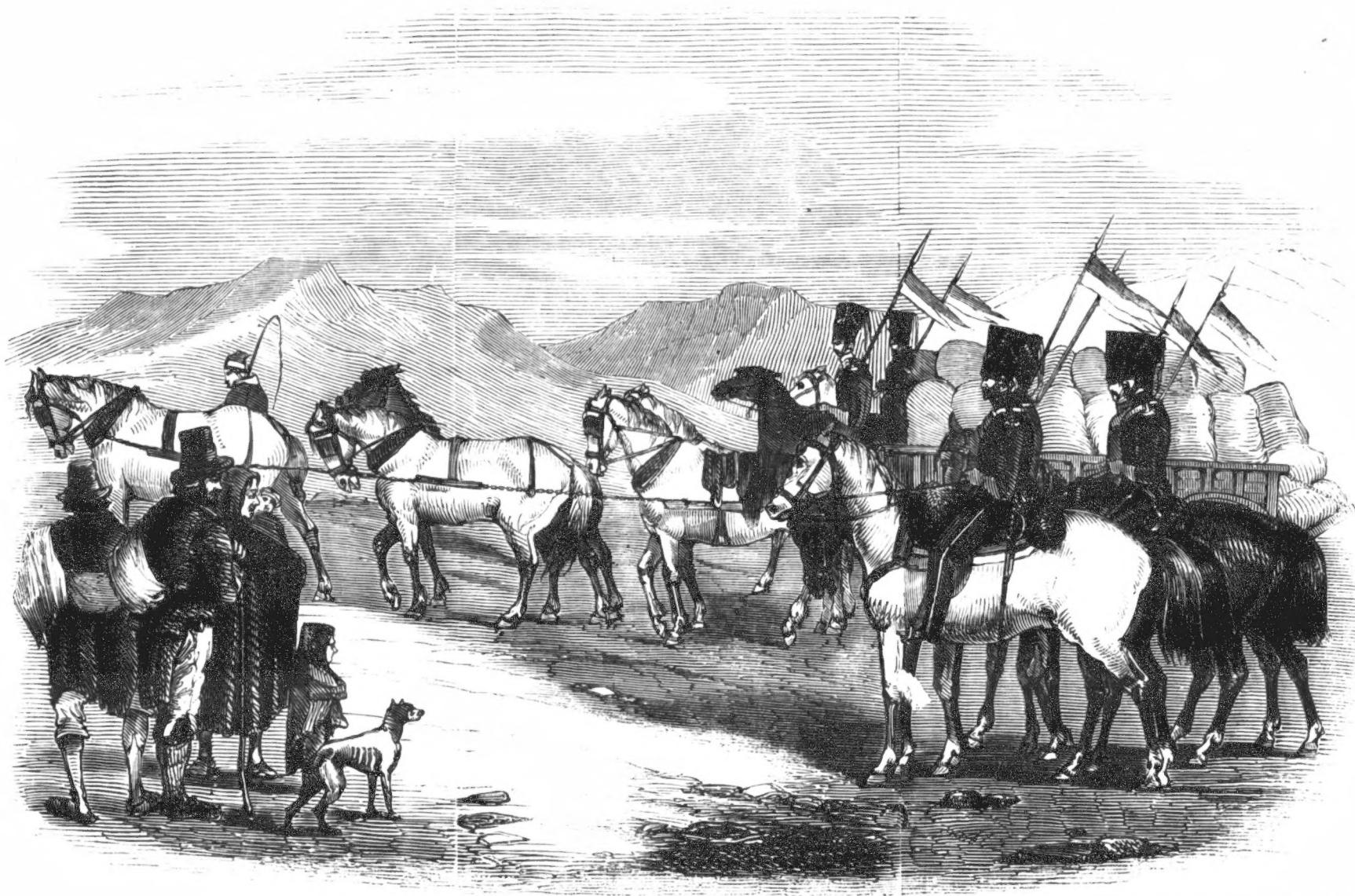
The procession of the Fat Ox has taken place in Paris during the three fat days, according to tradition. Every year the fat ox is fatter than its predecessor; it is a progress rather alarming for the elephant, menaced more and more of losing his physical superiority. The pageant was like that of other years, with two exceptions; the pall-bearers of the monster were ten-foot giants walking on stilts five feet high; the ox was followed by a triumphal car carrying the Genius of France, which said genius invited all the nations to the Universal Exhibition. "I confess" says a correspondent of the *Standard*, that "I don't know if it was a man or a woman who performed the part of the Genius of France, but I know for a fact that the person personifying it is paid one franc and a half a day." Really, the gods of Olympus are at a low discount in France.

The judgment of the prize court in the case of the *Tornado*, has been published in the Madrid papers, and is as follows:—"San Fernando, Dec. 15, 1856. The capture of the *Tornado* is declared legitimate, and she and all her belongings are adjudicated as fair prize to the captain, officers, and crew of the frigate *Gerona*, to be shared in regular proportions after the necessary expenses have been deducted. The crew will remain as prisoners at the disposal of the captain-general of the department, to be dealt with according to orders already received, or which may be received from the government. This provisional judgment will be communicated to Captain Collier, and he will be informed that he may appeal against it after five days have lapsed from the notification thereof, and that the documents and pleadings necessary for the support of the case will be conceded to the appellant."

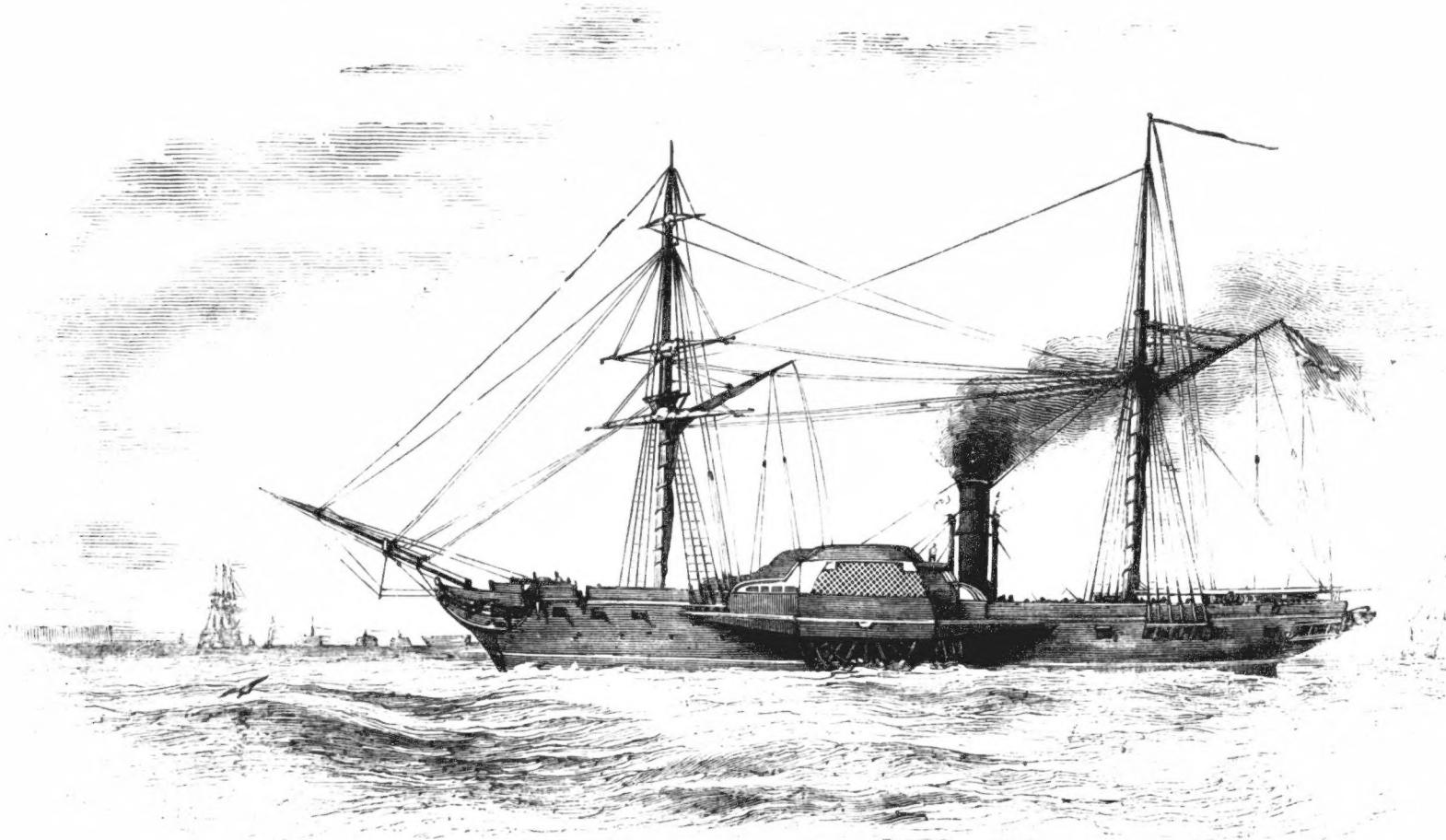
A fatal accident occurred recently on the Riazan-Kozloff Railway, Russia. Just before coming to a bend in the road, the fears of the passengers were excited by the extraordinary speed at which the engines were being driven. On reaching the curve, two of the carriages got off the rails, and after having been dragged a considerable distance, rolled down an embankment thirty feet high, six other carriages soon followed, and of 141 passengers, 7 were killed and 30 wounded. Besides the two engines, only one of the eight carriages composing the train remained on the line. The stokers escaped unhurt, but as they were drunk, and are believed to have caused the accident, they have been taken into custody, and are awaiting their trial. The wretched condition of the unhappy sufferers may be easily imagined. They had no lights, and it was nearly an hour-and-a-half before any assistance arrived, and even then many of the peasants who were attracted to the spot took advantage of the confusion to carry off what portable articles they could lay their hands on.

Count Gyula Andrassey, the new Premier of Hungary, belongs to an ancient and noble Magyar family. Deeply compromised in the events of 1848, he was sentenced to death, his name nailed to the gallows-tree, and such was the exasperation of the Austrian authorities against him that he was hanged in effigy, together with a few of his eminent countrymen, who, like himself, effected a timely escape to foreign countries. He resided for several years in France and England, the principal part of his exile being spent in Paris. He rejected the amnesty offered him a few years after the subjection of Hungary had been effected, but after his marriage was induced by his relations to accept the Imperial pardon, and returned to his native land, where he has ever since occupied a leading position, although he has loyally abstained from allying himself to any of the numerous petty conspiracies organised from time to time by the recipients of the Emperor's grace. Neither in 1859 nor in 1866 did Count Andrassey lend himself to the plots of Messrs. Tarr, Klapka, Eber, and Co. Whilst retaining an extraordinary share of popularity, he has completely won the confidence of the Emperor, with whom he is in high favour. Count Andrassey is a good orator and an excellent linguist; but, above all, he is remarkable for his amiability of character, the high distinction of his manners and appearance, and the simplicity of his habits. A patrician by birth, he is adored by the lower classes; an advanced Liberal in politics, he is esteemed by the most exclusive and conservative aristocracy in the world—that of Austria.

Miss Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children's teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest, it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation. It regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s 1d per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. Office, 265, High Holborn, London.—[ADVERTISER.]



SKETCHES IN IRELAND: ARRIVAL OF TROOPS IN THE DISAFFECTIONED DISTRICTS.



HER MAJESTY'S STEAMSHIP RETRIBUTION CRUISING OFF THE IRISH CO.

## PROGRESS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A VERY animated controversy, as to whether the principal approach to the Exhibition and the central garden should or should not be covered in, continues to rage, and divides with the still prolonged strike of the workmen in bronze the attention of Exhibition critics. The abandonment of the original design providing shelter for the tens of thousands of visitors who will be wandering about the Champ de Mars until next autumn will, if persisted in, be a measure very much to be deplored. The "Cashmere canopy, tinted green and powdered with golden bees," which was to lead from the bridge of Jena to the grand entrance of the palace, may well be given up as a luxury whose costliness may not be compensated by its usefulness; but something in the way of an awning is imperatively required. There will be no trees old and large enough to give shade. Great complaints have been made against the Imperial Commissioners for having caused the planks of the flooring in the galleries to be laid close together, instead of disposing them with interstices between, in accordance with the plan adopted in Hyde Park in 1851, and followed in all our successive exhibitions, large and small. Who does not remember the enthusiastic specu-

## LA TOUR DU MARCHE, AT BERQUES, NEAR DUNKIRK, ON THE RIVER COLNE.

VERY soon will the English visitors to the Paris Exhibition be on their way to the gay French capital; but tiring of this, many will be looking out for quaint old places, wherein to spend a few hours as tourists, from one point to another. Calais will, of course, be a rendezvous, as will also Dunkirk, both ports being very convenient to the general routes to France. About five miles from Dunkirk is the quaint-looking town of Berques, the market-place of which is shown in our illustration. This town was strongly fortified by Vauban, and has the means of laying the adjoining plain under water. Though old, it is pretty well built. In one of its squares are two high towers, the remains of two ancient churches destroyed during the Revolution. It has a communal college, an hospital, and a small public library; it has distilleries, refineries of salt and sugar, with potteries, and fabrics of soap and tobacco. Owing to its favourable position on the Colne, and on the canals of Berques and Hondscoote, it is the *entrepot* of the corn, cheese, and lace produced in the adjoining country. From our illustration, it will be seen that it is market-day at Berques; and this is the day that



LA TOUR DU MARCHE, AT BERQUES, NEAR DUNKIRK, ON THE RIVER COLNE.

lator who wanted to give five thousand pounds for the right of taking up the '51 flooring, with the privilege of keeping all the rings, portemonnaies, and gold, silver, and copper money which, it was presumed, had fallen through the chinks, quite forgetting that the valuables so discovered might be claimed by the original owners; and that even if they were unclaimed they became treasure trove, being on Royal ground, and subject to a demand on the part of the Crown? And who does not equally remember the general disappointment when, the flooring being removed, very little silver and still less gold was discovered, the principal treasure trove being bits of orange-peel, horn-buttons, penknives, ever pointed pencils, garters, and one extensive crinoline—although how on earth that managed to force its way through the chinks was as puzzling as to determine how flies get into amber. However, the open planking was a bright idea, and answered admirably; for it appears to be certain that galleries filled with objects liable to be tarnished by moisture cannot conveniently be watered.

This, however, does not affect the question of the awning; and as the awning in question is an article which can be put together and adjusted in a week, either before or after the opening of the Exhibition, no harm can be done by dwelling on the necessity for such a provision. The objection to a very large awning is that, if left to itself, it will be sure to "bag." It may be kept from "bagging" by poles planted here and there. The best thing the Imperial Commission could do would be to take into their counsels the dexterous sempstresses who stitched together M. Nadar's "Géant" balloon, and who are accustomed to deal with large masses of drapery. Half a hundred seam-sailmakers sent from Brest or Toulon would settle the matter even more efficaciously.

There is a wonderful report flying about the *feuilletons* of the newspapers—*feuilletons* which, from their position at the basement of the columns, have been not inaptly described as the "kitchens of the press," and in which a good deal of scandal germane to the culinary region is talked—that we are to have an exhibition during the summer of *les Dames du Rowing Club de Londres*, and that eight-oared cutters manned, or rather "womaned," by *les sommités de l'aristocratie Anglaise*, are to display their prowess on the waters of the Seine, and challenge the fair *bateières* of St. Cloud to an aquatic tournament. It is to be hoped that this report is pure invention, or that if such a nonsensical notion has entered the heads of any "frisky matrons," or damsels of the "fast family" in London, it has been by this time satisfactorily squelched. There is no end, it would seem, to the eccentricities, more or less indecorous, in which modern English hoydens indulge, from driving mail phaetons to turning heels overhead, arrayed in flannel jerseys and knickerbockers, in public gymnasias; and such exercitations are perhaps to be defended on the score of muscular development, getting rid of prejudices, and the rest. But it would be as well

to confine such eccentricities to our island home, and not to bring them to Paris, for the amusement of the whole world in 1867.

There appears to be a general impression that the Imperial Commission have acted somewhat hastily in laying down as an inexorable rule that every season-ticket holder must be provided with a photographic *carte de visite*, which he will be bound to present at the Exhibition turnstiles whenever called upon to do so. Just as some ill-natured people are going about saying that the abandonment of the awning plan is a concession to the umbrella and parasol makers of Paris, so does this photographic edict smell very suspiciously of a sop thrown out to the photographers of Paris—the dearest, and certainly not the best, photographers in Europe. M. Cham, the caricaturist, has put the objections to this preposterous regulation very forcibly and wittily. A gentleman who has dropped a spot of ink over his photographic face is denied admission, but he lends the blotted *carte* to a gentleman from Ethiopia, who forthwith gains ingress to the palace. An old lady insists on bringing her dog in with her, on the ground that Loulou—Loulou is a poodle—was on her lap when she was photographed, and that without Loulou her portrait would not be like her. The Imperial Commission had better abandon a rule which will never work, and which will make touchy people very angry.

The Emperor has paid a fresh visit to the Champ de Mars and expressed his satisfaction at the activity with which the works connected with the arrangement of the Exhibition are being carried on, and particularly remarked upon the large number of objects already sent by foreign exhibitors. He expressed a hope that French exhibitors would not allow themselves to be forestalled, and that each would make it a point of honour to be perfectly ready by the 28th March.

A letter from Mr. W. E. Gladstone, read at the last meeting of the London Diocesan Board of Education, contains the following expression of that gentleman's opinion on the subject of compulsory education:—"I may say that while I well understand, or at least appreciate, the grounds of the present movement, and am very glad that the clergy under the bishop have entered actively into the matter, I yet see much difficulty in the way of direct compulsory measures. I have always leaned very much to a scheme, the main point of which was that it should be made penal to employ for wages persons below a certain age, not furnished with certain certificates of education and attainment. A plan of this kind was prematurely proposed some years back in a bill by Mr. Adderley, and was rejected on account of the immature state of circumstances, which, however, must probably ripen from year to year. A measure of that nature might be brought into action gradually, like the new Poor-Law of 1834."

an English tourist should pay it a visit. The curious costumes of the representatives of the different French departments, as they congregate in the town, cannot fail of producing much interest and amusement to those who may pay it a visit.

## THE SOWERS.

They are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair;  
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;  
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight;  
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;

What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought;—  
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought  
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,  
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell;

Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,  
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed—  
Of the gentle word and the kindly deed  
That have blest the earth in its sorest need;

Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,  
Of dire remorse and a maddened brain;  
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,  
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;

Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,  
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;  
And some are sowing the seed of care,  
Which their soil hath borne, and still must bear

Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,  
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;  
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,  
And the fields are whitening where'er they go;

Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness or sown in light,  
Sown in weakness or sown in might,  
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,  
In the broad world-field or the shadowy path,

Sure will the harvest be.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.						
ANNIVERSARIES			H. W. L. B.			
D. W.	S.		A. M.	P. M.		
17	S.	2 Sunday in Lent	... ...	... 11 52		
18	M.	Lucknow captured, 1858	... ...	0 24 0 50		
19	T.	El. of Munster com. suicide, 1812	... ...	1 16 1 41		
20	W.	Goethe died, 1832	... ...	2 4 2 25		
21	TH.	Capture of Portobello, 1740	... ...	2 45 3 2		
22	F.	Duke of Parma assassinated, 1834	... ...	3 26 3 38		
23	S.	Moon's changes.....Full Moon, 20th day, 8h. 55m. a.m.	... ...	3 55 4 13		

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the EDITOR, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

## LONDON BY NIGHT

IS UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED.

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

## LORD RUSSELL AND REFORM.

It has long been a point of dispute whether great national changes come from above or below; that is, are brought about by the people, or those who are supposed to govern them. This question is one still open for settlement, and very much is to be said on either side of the argument. There is no doubt without leaders the public cause would often be set aside, and that unless men could find others ready to shape their wants and aspirations into the form of a policy, progress would be dreadfully halting. Public spirit is the very soul of a nation's life, and the minds who are great and strong enough to comprehend and represent its virtues are to be revered and esteemed. Ambition is the spur to big and holy deeds, or, when misguided, the parent of all kinds of evil and abomination. Sometimes small vanity is mistaken for this last-mentioned ambition. This is a confusion of ideas; as ambition, whether good or bad, may have an alliance with vanity, but in its very essence is different thereto. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a great national change. Was it effected by those above or below? We opine by those really below, viz., the great middle class, supported in measure by the industrial orders. There were legislators who boldly did the business of the people. It was a great work, and out of it have grown great benefits. With all this, it was essentially a measure alloyed with the poison of party. The country, though, has shown an abounding gratitude to those who fought in its behalf, and if it has not got all that it battled for, it has acknowledged a kind of indebtedness to those who did them service. Rough and undemonstrative as the English may be, as compared to those of other countries, we doubt whether any state possesses, in so large a degree amongst its members, the sentiment of gratitude, and an accurate memory for all that is good and gracious in the past. This sentiment and this recollection give even the most radical a certain conservatism, and it is out of this last inherent element in the national composition that are derived the checks against passionate progress, the cohesion to the body politic, and that reliable ballast, giving security to our constitution. To remind the public of its forgetfulness, is very like saying that the public is ungrateful, or that, at least, it has not been sufficiently grateful. Lord Russell is perpetually doing this—is always talking of what he has done, the salutary changes he has accomplished, and the mighty services he has rendered. In his time he certainly made a great effort to give law to a measure which has been of signal use to the people of these isles; and, besides, he has done many other great things. In the possession, certainly, of a great historic name, and with the prestige of having helped to achieve one object, he has obtained an éclat which few, in his time, have ever had the good fortune to be visited with. Gratitude is said to be a lively sense of favours to come; but, so far as Lord Russell goes, he has received more than his due. Single Speech Hamilton lived upon the reputation of his one great effort, and it appears very much, when the speeches at the opening of Parliament and on Monday last are read, as if Lord Russell thought that the one great act of his life was to give him an unlimited lease of power. The exhibition that he made of himself on the last occasion was weak, and even contemptible. Whatever he may do, however vainly he may protest, he cannot renew the past with its glory, or his young days, when others formed plans, and he advocated them. Years ago it was considered that, inspired by a wise and a noble ambition, he might be of great service to his country. For years he held the Premiership with a large majority at his back, but what good measures did he bring in? We do not forget his championship of religious liberty, or his advocacy of municipal law. He has tried his hand at Reform and has failed. Unfortunately he has shown himself to have no consistent thought upon the question. Had he, the various Reform Bills that he has suggested would show a greater uniformity. The picture of a man who has held a great political position falling from that position without dignity, and in his reverses trying still to gratify his vanity by preaching about his own acts, is one of the ugliest over the public has seen for years. Some men are greatest in adversity. Mr. Gladstone, in his discomfiture, has won his greatest victory. He has shown that he only holds himself as one able to wait his time. Lord Russell's time is past. It passed away, never more to substantially return, when he

became our peace plenipotentiary at Vienna, and afterwards in the House of Commons stultified himself in the most illogical manner. The Durham letter and other facts can never be lost sight of. Vanity is his besetting sin. What now would he really be about? Would he once more take the reins of office? Never again will he handle them. His grasp is growing daily more feeble, while his vanity becomes daily more overweening. His brain—like those of others that grow weak—is stored with recollections of the far past, but fails to comprehend the actual grave wants and peculiar exigencies of the present. We remember Lord Russell in all his acts; and in this memory we feel that he is a matter of simple history, and can find no place as a leading gladiator in the political arena of the future.

## ODD GOSSIP ABOUT STRANGE PLACES.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR.

## "THE SHAM CLUB."

THESE are certain gentlemen, well known in the outer circles of London Society, who gain—shall we say a precarious subsistence—by "promoting clubs." Their kindness and consideration in thus catering for a gregarious public is beyond all praise. The promoter of club is generally a man of tolerable address, and has a great deal of suavity, though he can bluster, if need be, when his accounts are called in question, having acquaintance (to his credit) with a fashionable tailor, wearing a little good jewellery, with an eye to a rainy day, volatile, mysterious, on terms of intimacy with a field-marshal, who has promised him his valuable patronage; sworn friends and "hail-fellow-well-met" with sundry Peers, men in the Guards, and members of "White's, Arthur's, the Arlington, Traveller's, and St. Stephen's" (he always calls the House of Commons St. Stephens, and speaks of it as the first club in London). Your promoter vaguely tells those whom he wishes to entrap into belonging to his club that the Peers, &c., have consented to join, but cannot be seen in the thing until it is well on its legs and firmly established. He has either been in the army, or is a University man, though he generally fights shy of the name of his college and his year, and has no inclination to talk of the number of his regiment, though he is occasionally discursive on the subjects of the Madras Native Infantry, Fane and Probyn's Horse, the Gold Coast Artillery, and the Cape Mounted Rifles; but he carefully reckons up his auditors beforehand, and is religiously dumb if any Anglo-Indian should inadvertently enter the room.

He has slain many mighty alligators, and the blood of more than one Bengal tiger (monarch of the jungle, sir!) rests upon his head. Elephants in Ceylon have fallen before his rifle, like corn before the sickle of the reaper, and pythons, constrictors, rattlesnakes, cobras, *et id genus omne*, acknowledge his supremacy. If he prefers to hail from a university, he will tell strange stories of Torpid races, and how Brazenose bumped Jesus, Keys (Caius) pushed Exeter hard, or Maudlin (Magdalen) astonished every one by taking the head of the river, when the betting was 6 to 4 on Christchurch. If his auditors are quite fresh from the university, he will hazard an assertion that he rowed "bow" in the Varsity eight. When pressed as to the date, he will say, "Oh! you know. That year when Machonochie was stroke, and we ran away from the Cantabs like smoke. Bless me! I shall forget my own name next! But never mind. I shall think of it presently. Where was I? Oh! I know! Well, Charley Monkhouse, now Lord Fetterman (go in for Worcester last year, and stands a good chance of a seat in the Cabinet, you know)," &c., &c.

There is another kind of promoter. The man with an unlimited power of perverting the truth, and systematically telling gratuitous falsehoods, because, being so long alienated from the truth, he never speaks it unless by accident. This man succeeds entirely by his unblushing effrontery and consummate impudence. He is of obscure origin, and takes some name—Howard, Granville, Berkeley, Fitzherbert, as the case may be—as a prefix to his own plebeian patronymic, becoming, let us say, metamorphosed from plain John into Capt. J. Howard Jones, or Mr. Matlock Brown, or Princeton Robin-on, Esq. These fellows are like a pernicious blight to every one with whom they come in contact; being adventurers of the most needy description, they are perpetually on the look out for victims. A clever Jew is reported to have said, that a rich fool is born every day. The Browns, Joneses, and Robins are on the *qui vive* for the rich fools, and we are sorry to say they sometimes find them. Our promoter rides in the park, has little dinners at the Solferino, places a stall at the opera at the disposal of his friends, buys a box when a new piece comes out, and talks of his friend the author, "not a bad fellow, but can't write a line—original I mean—critics awfully from the French!" Is sometimes seen with dubious females, takes off his hat in the street to well-dressed ladies, who stare at him in return, and says to his friends, "Lady Martingale—dear old creature—year since I saw her—seems to have forgotten me—must leave my card;" or, "Know who that is? Mrs. MacKirtor, of Whiteburn—hasn't been a widow long;" or, "By Jove! who'd have thought of seeing Sackgold's wife here—he's going to subscribe the new Greek loan—rich as Croesus—doesn't know his own worth—no one knows what he's worth."

It was the commencement of the season, and our promoter, in conjunction with an advertising agent and a small tradesman's son, who had helped to do the same sort of thing before, had, in the language of his prospectus, "formed the nucleus of a club." Advertisements, for which three months' credit were given, had swarmed in all the country papers. About thirty members had already joined the "Sham Club." Twelve members (including the promoter, the advertising agent, and the small tradesman's son) had formed themselves into a committee, declaring the club duly constituted. The promoter was authorised to give the undertaking publicly in the London papers, get a lease of the "highly eligible premises" situated and being in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, and furnish a few rooms for the immediate accommodation of present members and that of those in prospective, when they came.

So far so good, members flocked in, and the promoter set about his business, patronising tradesmen, beguiling other silly moths into the flame of his candle, started two banking accounts, smoked Havannahs of the best brand, held himself an inch and a half higher, and began seriously to turn his attention to the getting up of several companies (the plans of which had long been slumbering in his fertile brain), on the principle of having more irons than one in the fire.

Let us now give the prospectus of the new club which was to astonish and delight the town.

## THE SHAM CLUB.

## Prospectus.

Chairman:

MR. JULIUS POCKETTALL.

Provisional Committee:

CAPTAIN LYNE AT EASE.

SIR PLAYAT POOL, The Pyramids, Kew.

MR. DARK, The Seedy Tree, Upton Park.

FLY A KYTE, Esq., Raise-the-Windham Club, and Stiff Cottage, Paper-hill, Billston.

LORD WALKER, Coldbath-fields and Pentonville, also Correction House, Wandsworth.

PROFESSOR TAKEMIN, LA, Reglardo-terrace, Swindale Town. VICE-ADMIRAL GUINEAMAN, address wanted (information received at Scotland-yard).

POST-CAPTAIN TOUCH-AND-BOLT, H.M.S. Flyer, Dartmouth. ENSIGN MARSH, unattached.

Solicitors:

MESSRS. STICK TO HIM, CHARGE, and STANDIN. Whackit-row, Old-cross-street, Notonth-square.

Secretary:

I. MEANTO COLLARTHELOT, Esq.

Bankers:

BREAK, SMASH, CRASH, and BREAK.

Brokers:

RIC, RISE, and FALL, No-change-alley, That's-the-size-of-it-lane.

1. A few gentlemen have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a club, where gentlemen may meet gentlemen.

2. The Sham Club is a proprietary club, and is formed on the unlimited liability principle. It is chiefly intended for the benefit of the promoter and his coadjutors, and is introduced to the public with the confident expectation that it will be warmly supported.

3. It may be imagined that the name of this club is an abbreviation of the word "champagne;" but such is not the case. This very expressive name is intended to fully represent the intentions of the promoters, who, it may be mentioned, are the highly respectable solicitors, and the admirably fitted secretary set forth in the prospectus, together with a gentleman who, for prudential reasons, keeps, for a time, in the background.

4. All gentlemen wearing her Majesty's uniform will be admitted without ballot. It was at first intended to extend this favour only to officers who had seen service in the field; but as the household troops and the volunteers would have been thus excluded, the more liberal course was adopted.

5. Smoking, billiard, and card-rooms will be provided at the temporary offices of the club, which are situated at Bolt-court, Fleet-street. It is confidently anticipated that the tenancy of the club in this agreeable quarter of the town will not be of long duration, as all the promoters want, previously to conducting operations on a large scale, is money, which promises to be abundant.

6. Officers in the navy, together with other credulous gentlemen, will be eligible for election; but, as a line must be drawn somewhere, naval cadets and masters' assistants, will not be admitted.

7. A highly unfavourable arrangement has been entered into for the transfer to the club of unknown and ineligible premises, the vendors of which have kindly agreed to take all the purchase-money in cash.

8. It is proposed to admit two hundred members at ten guineas each, after which the entrance-fee of twenty-five guineas will be required, together with the annual subscription of five guineas.

9. This judicious arrangement will give the club a balance at its bankers of £2,000 to start with, which will be amply sufficient to pay the promoters for their trouble and condescension, as they will, in addition, receive handsome bonuses from those tradesmen to whom, in the name of the club, they may give extensive orders for wine, furniture, &c.

10. The Sham Club will derive a very great advantage from the practical knowledge of the able and talented secretary, who was educated at a charity school, and is an unscrupulous bankrupt. It is admitted by all that he is a gentleman of experience, and it will be at once seen that he is peculiarly qualified for the position in which he has placed himself. It may be safely promised that he will give to every detail his closest daily attention and constant supervision.

11. A copy of the rules may not be seen at the club.

12. All applications for admittance to the sham club, must be accompanied by a remittance. *This is imperative.*

13. When the cheque has been duly honoured, the applicant will be elected (without ballot), whether qualified or not, payment being the most important, and, indeed, the only reliable and satisfactory qualification.

14. From the time of the member's election, he will be answerable for the debts of the club actually existing and in embryo, and if not a man of straw, will probably be made a contributory for a heavy sum when the club collapses, as it is within the bounds of probability it may sooner or later, probably the former.

15. Lastly, it is only fair to state that the Sham Club is a partnership; the promoter is a member of the club. Therefore he is a partner, and if he should quit the club in disgust, inadvertently taking with him the available funds of the club, he cannot be prosecuted. The promoter is satisfied that this is the state of the law, as he has taken counsel's opinion upon the subject.

*Form of Application for Admission to the Sham Club.*

I hereby apply to be admitted a member of the Sham Club.

Name in full.....

Address .....

Bankers .....

\* State if in the habit of travelling, duration of residence abroad, and who defrays the expense of the journey. B.B. will signify Batany Bay. P. will be interpreted as Portland Island. The strictest secrecy can be relied on, but there must be the utmost confidence between the secretary and his dupes.

For a brief space the Sham Club flourished like a green bay tree. It was a fact that all the London clubs were full to overflowing. Some very good men had been black-balled for no fault of their own, but simply because there was, really and truly, no room for them. All London was talking about the son of an earl being sent away from the Garrick; the rejection of a duke at White's, though put up by the Prince of W—s; and the wholesale slaughter at the Reform, supplemented by an equally ruthless murder of the innocents at the Senior Carlton.

Our promoter received handsome sums from rich Jews, who found all other doors closed against them. He smuggled so many of the children of Israel into the Sham Club that, when the temporary premises were occupied, those who passed by called the club-house the Land of Goshen, on account of the number of noses, belonging to the chosen people, which were flattened against the window-panes.

At length bills began to come in by whole battalions. The committee got frightened. The promoter was attacked, and the secretary defended him; but they were ordered to prepare their accounts, and expressed their willingness to do so. They, however, were suddenly indisposed, and compelled, acting under the first medical advice, to run over to Boulogne. Here they stayed six months, living at the Hotel du Nord, in capital style. While here they received intelligence of the death of their bantling. The Sham Club had ceased to exist. They went over it, but resolved that it should rise like a Phoenix from its ashes, &c. &c. The secretary married a French widow, and is, at this moment, something in Paris—a *chiffonier*, we believe. The worthy and respected promoter is now in England, that land of his birth, from which reckless criminal code has often threatened to tear him. He is still engaged in pulling the wires. The puppets dance a gaily as of yore, for the "Unlimited Kite-flying and Universal Expanding Paper Wings Company," has come out at one-and-a-half premium; and he is busily engaged with Mr. Rig, his broker, in flooding the market with the shares. You may see him any day after the 'house' closes, dining at the Ship and Turtle, and perhaps you may rub shoulders with him later in the evening at the opera, when he will tell you confidentially that he has the grandest idea that ever was launched. All he wants is a good director, and he is prepared to give £500 for a Bishop or a Lord, £250 for a general or an admiral, £200 for country gentlemen, £150 for bankers of repute, £100 for merchants of standing, and £50 a-piece for poor baronets, knights or barristers. This is the idea. But he holds his head down and whispers so gently, that his great scheme is *inaudible* to every one, except the favoured recipient of the offspring of his mighty brain.

There is a panic lurking in the air, and when it bursts in all its awful fury, what will become of poor Howard Brown. Echo, remaining sullenly silent, gives us no answer.

## SOCIETY:

### Its Facts and its Rumours.

The Queen and the Royal family are at Windsor.

The sorrowful, although not unexpected, intelligence of the death of Prince Christian's mother's, the Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, was received on Monday.

The Queen and her Royal Highness Princess Louise walked and rode on ponies in the grounds in the morning.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, went out walking.

Princess Beatrice rode in the Home Park, and Prince Leopold drove, attended by Mr. Legg.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur has left the Castle for Greenwich Park, attended by Major Elphinstone.

Lady Bagot and the Rev. C. Kingsley have also left the Castle.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, rode out on horseback on Monday.

Sunday last being the fourth anniversary of the marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the bells of the Castle and parish church at Windsor rang a merry peal.

Her Majesty walked and drove on Tuesday morning, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Christian.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, and attended by Major-General the Hon. A. N. Hood, General Grey, the Duchess of Roxburghe, &c., left Windsor Castle on Tuesday, at a quarter past three o'clock in the afternoon, for the metropolis, on a visit to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. As the visit was a private one there was no escort, the Queen leaving for Marlborough House in an open carriage and four Her Majesty returned to Windsor in the evening.

## OUR OPERA GLASS.

The dramatic version by Mr. Bayle Bernard of Goethe's remarkable poem of *Faust*, which was so creditably brought out at Drury-lane Theatre last October, has been reproduced with an unaltered cast, and the successful career of the piece, which was interrupted by the engagement of Miss Helen Faust, is now resumed, with all the elaborate accessories of the original presentation carefully preserved. Mr. Phelps, as Mephistopheles, emphasises his sly sarcasm with a dry humour which is heartily relished by the audience; Mr. Edmund Phelps as Faust, realises at least the appearance of the rejuvenescent alchemist when he has entered into the terrible compact from which he is here so conveniently freed; and Mrs. Hermann Vezin continues to represent, as Margaret, the touching simplicity and unfaltering confidence of the hapless maiden who is made the victim of the strongest temptation of the subtle fiend. Mr. W. Harrison, as Valentine, is still included in the cast, and gives the song composed by Weber with his old effect; whilst Mrs. Vandenhoff as Martha again excites the mirth of the spectators by the earnestness with which she courts the admiration of the arch-tempter. The picturesque scenery by Mr. William Beverley, and the fantastic revels of the Walpurgis night, so characteristically arranged by Mr. J. Cormack, exert their wonted influence over the imagination of spectators by no means disinclined to accept the poetic drama with spectacular embellishments; and the revival, warmly welcomed by a very numerous audience, bids fair to regain all its early popularity. The restoration to the Drury-lane programme of one of the most notable attractions of the present season was last night accompanied by the production of a lively burlesque sketch by Mr. Charles Kenny, adapted from a Parisian trifles brought out at the Bouffes ten years ago, and here entitled *Wanted Husbands for Sale*. An elderly drum-major, with half a dozen daughters, each born in a different part of the world, is so eager to provide them with partners that he advertises for young men in search of domestic bliss. Accident brings a youthful veterinary surgeon to the spot, and he is instantly pounced upon by the parent as a likely husband for one of his offspring. The anxious six immediately begin to exert their powers of pleasing; but their hopes are frustrated by the discovery that the suitor they expected to ensnare is only their brother, hitherto unknown, who makes their pretty servant the object of his choice. Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. E. Clifton are the servant, the father, and the long-lost brother, whilst the six daughters are re-

presented by the principal members of the corps de ballet. There is some quaint humour in the notion, but the farcical extravaganza would have been better placed on a smaller stage. The accompanying music, by Leo Delibes, though light and fluent, seems hardly to explain the popularity which the bagatelle acquired on the French and German boards, and the only recommendation it comes possessed with for an English audience is its brevity.

At the Lyceum, on Monday there was a revival at this house, under the auspices of Mr. Fechter, of the favourite drama of *Don Caesar de Bazan*, which was highly popular many years since, and in which Mr. Wallack achieved much fame. Mr. Fechter in his prospective arrangements has selected three nights more for the performance of the same piece. He has put the drama on the stage most efficiently and with many notable improvements. The scenery and music are worthy of the high character of the establishment. Mr. Fechter's conception of the character of Don Caesar de Bazan, and his delineation of the striking points which occur, must be admitted to be an admirable representation of the cool, daring Spaniard. There is much originality in many of the scenes, which elicited the warmest applause from time to time. In the opening scene with his drunken *confreres*, his recognition of Don Jose, the King's Minister (Mr. G. Jordan), the acting was admirable. The encounter with the guard in defence of poor Lazarillo (Miss Henrade) was skillfully arranged. The story is so well known that we need say little as to the plot; but the prison scene, in which Don Caesar is condemned to death, was a masterly performance; and the same praise is due to the last interview with the King, in which the Sovereign renounces all claim to Mariana, and the Don is appointed governor of Granada. The arduous part of Mariana was sustained with great ability by Miss Carlotta Leclercq. The house was well filled, and we have no doubt the piece will be received on the three remaining evenings with the same cordial approbation. The farce of *Simpson and Co.* preceded the drama, which was followed by the farce of *The Two Potts*.

A new drama, designed to be illustrative of London life, and specially written for the Surrey Theatre by Mr. Henry Leslie, was produced there on Saturday night under the title of *Tide and Time; a Tale of the Times*. The piece, like most of those produced at the Surrey, is rather distinguished for length, and there is nothing so remarkable in the construction of the plot, or so novel or sparkling in the dialogue, as to call for a minute delineation of the piece. The scenery, which is not only extensive but good, is by Mr. Te'bun and Mr. Calcott and their assistants; and the music, which was under the management of Herr Schmuck, was well selected.

## THEATRICAL TATTLE.

We regret to learn that Miss Kate Terry, the talented actress, is very seriously ill.

The greatest success of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul has been accomplished in Boston.

Bistori's success at Boston is very great. The seats are all secured for many days in advance.

It is announced that the Schubert Society will produce a string quartet by Mr. A. Mellon, in the course of the season.

The debut of Lady Don before a New York audience has been completely successful. Her singing was particularly admired. She appeared in a burlesque of *Kenilworth*, and a dramatic trifle, by Mr. Selby, entitled *Peggy Green*.

Tamberlik is in Paris, on his way from St. Petersburg to Madrid, where he has accepted an engagement for fifteen nights. Fraschini will make his first appearance this season in Paris in Verdi's opera, *Un Ballo Maschera*.

Mr. Burnand's burlesque, *Black Eyed Susan*, still running with almost unexampled success at the New Royalty Theatre, has been played at the Brighton Theatre, whereat Miss Raneo has played William, while the author himself has appeared as Captain Crosstree.

There appears to be no doubt that Mr. Sothern is to play in Paris during the forthcoming Exhibition. Mr. Knowles, of Manchester, is his *entrepreneur*. We hear, but we know not on what authority, that Mr. Sothern is to receive £350 a week during his engagement. He is to appear at the *Theatre des Italiens*.

A Paris correspondent writes, "Of Gounod's *Romeo* I hear a very good account, especially of the fourth act, which is reported to be simply splendid. The public, however, will not hear this latest work of the composer of *Faust* before April, as only two acts out of the five have as yet been rehearsed."

Although the new opera house in Paris will not be finished for two years, still several of the separate buildings depending on the main edifice are finished. The musical library is completed, and a great proportion of the archives are already arranged in the upper story of the building. The keeper of the keys of the Opera house will have no sinecure, as he will have the charge of 2,500 separate keys.

Two Hungarian boys, twelve and fourteen years old, the sons as well as pupils of Charles Thern, professor of music at the Conservatorium of Pesth, are now playing in Paris with great success. Their speciality is playing duets on two pianos. They have been loudly applauded in the salons of Rossini and the Princesse de Metternich, and on Saturday had a great triumph at a concert given at the *Cercle des Beaux Arts*.

A new dramatic club has been formed, under the title of the Junior Garrick. It is not an offshoot, or in any way connected with the elder club, whose name it has assumed. The Junior Garrick announces the qualifications of its members to consist in some position held in the literary or artistic world. Looking through the list of members we perceive a goodly array of theatrical names, provincial managers are among them, and pictorial art is represented by Messrs. Matt, Morgan and Telbin, but literature is conspicuous by its absence. We do not see one known literary name.

Musical and theatrical journals in Italy seem engaged in a perpetual game of hide-and-seek; they appear and disappear by the dozen, and others spring up in the place of the vanished ones, only to follow in their turn after an ephemeral existence. Nor is this to be wondered at, if we consider that these journals are, as a rule, simply organs of various shops, theatrical agencies, or music warehouses, and that questions of serious art are rarely, if ever, discussed in their pages. The last corner, we observe, is to appear in Florence, and to be called the *Melodia*.

Music is to be represented at the forthcoming International Exhibition, says the document promulgated in *Le Moniteur*, in three points of view—those of composition, of execution, and of history. Over each of these exhibitions a separate committee is to preside. Composers of all countries are invited to enter the lists for a prize awarded to the best two compositions, written in celebration of the Exhibition of 1867. The first, with orchestra and chorus, is to be entitled "The Exhibition Cantata," and the shorter it is the better fitted to its purpose it will be. The second, a "Hymn to Peace," ought only to consist of a few bars. No words are prescribed nor is the time at which the manuscript must be sent in. Two gold, two silver, six bronze medals, and six "honourable mentions," are to be at the disposal of the committee by way of reward; and further the sum of £400 in case any work which can be used on similar occasions to come shall present itself. The second committee, divided into three sections, is to charge itself with the production of concerts with orchestra and chorus, with festivals and Orpheonic concerts, and with concerts of military music. Here again, the successful competitors are to be rewarded by medals, and the committee is allowed the further power of awarding private recompenses at its discretion. The third committee is to give historical concerts, the music selected to begin as far back as possible. The concerts are to be given in the *Salle Suffren*, an offset of the Exhibition building; the prizes, medals, &c., to be distributed in August. How the above scheme is to be wrought out during a period when every playing and singing man, woman, and child must inevitably be overtaxed and overtaxed, it is not easy to imagine, especially for those who, like ourselves, had part in the simpler arrangement of one day's international music provided for the opening of our last London Exhibition.

## REVIEW.

*Records of 1866.* By Edward West, 1, Bull and Mouth-street, E.C.

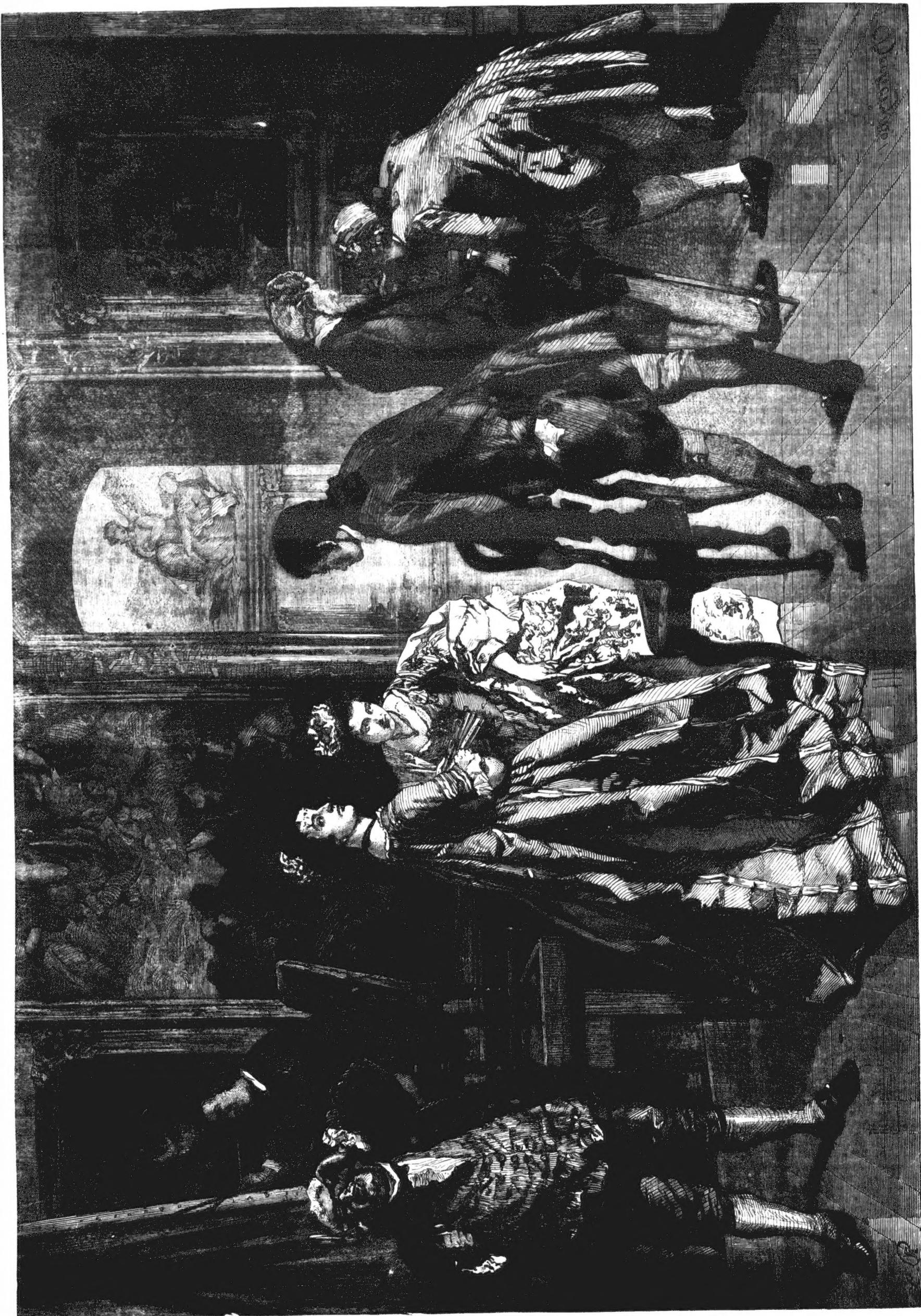
This little volume, being the sixth of the series, like all the author's similar works, is written in a style that cannot fail to interest the reader, bringing under his notice the leading events of the past year. We trust he may have the satisfaction of recording many future years.

## HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE.

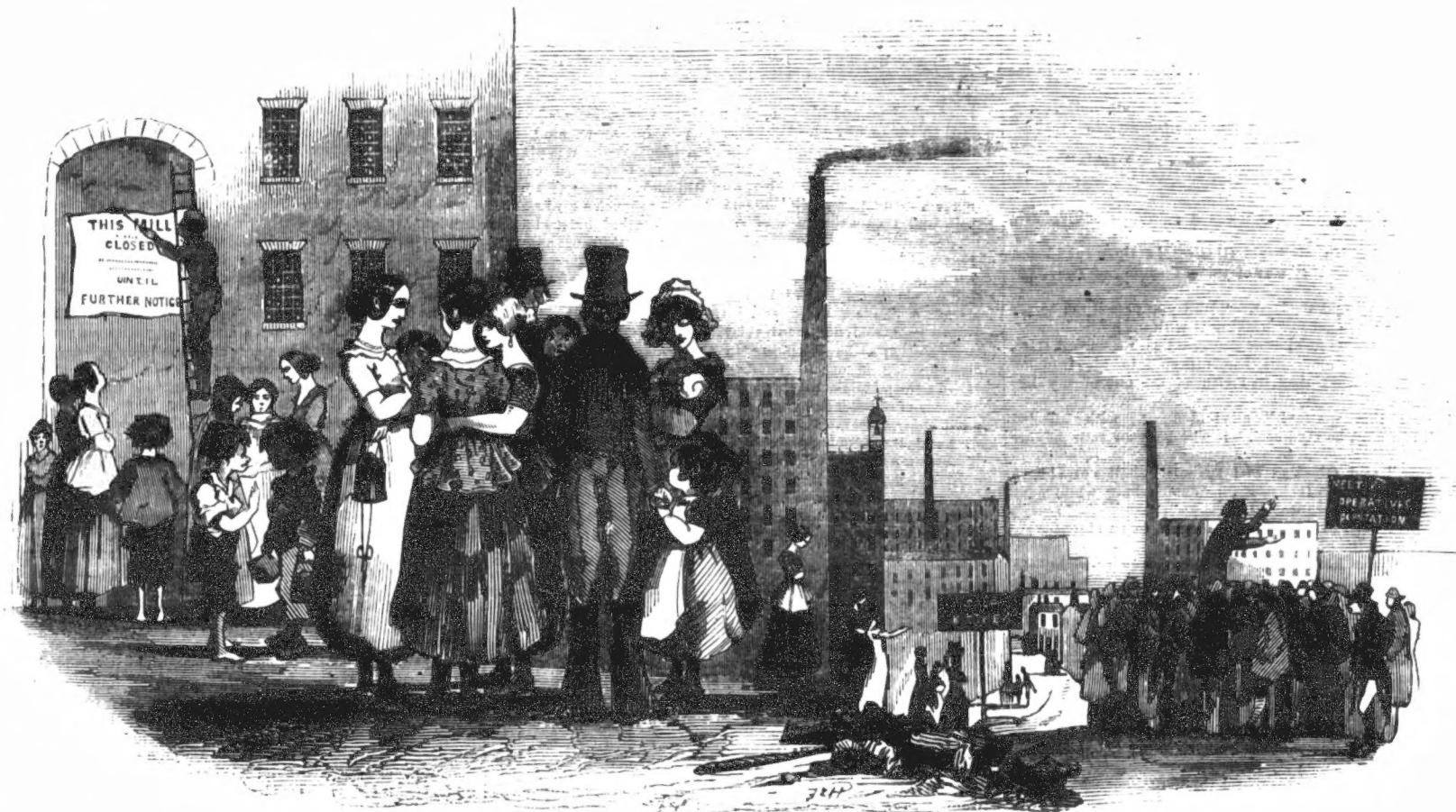
The *Spectator* gravely believes that if Mr. Gladstone utters the words "household suffrage," all possibility of resistance will have ended, and that the pressure upon him is so great, his intellectual dislike to "fancy franchises" so keen, that he may be induced to utter them. If he does, objections will be swept away in a burst of popular enthusiasm such as we warned moderate men two years ago would inevitably arise from delay. There is no popular passion to which to appeal on the resisting side, and argument will be valueless, for this simple reason. Every argument against household suffrage, except Mr. Lowe's doctrine of perfection, is more or less imbecile. If we change the qualification at all, that in the present position of parties is the only halting-place worth serious consideration, and all attempts to fix a higher figure will end, sooner or later, in disaster. The duty of moderate men is to accept that suffrage frankly, and provide by other means for that representation of minorities which this revolution tends to destroy. To effect this end it is necessary to have a scheme which will work, which shall be just, and, most difficult of all, which shall seem just in the estimation of those whose power will be diminished by its provisions. The plan upon which Lord Canarvon went out like an honest and steady-headed man as he is, the plan of confining household suffrage to the boroughs in which there are men enough to create a healthy opinion would have secured all these things, but that plan stands condemned. The political leaders believe that the first act of a House so elected would be to make the suffrage uniform, and as they are convinced, up to the point of accepting resignations, there is an end of that scheme. We cannot waste time in crying for the unattainable when distinctly aware that we are not to get it. The "plurality plan," so far as it gives extra votes to mere wealth, has been rejected by anticipation, whether in the form proposed by Lord Cranborne, or that to be proposed, people say, by Mr. Disraeli. It is simply too good for a world in which nobody can endure to think that anybody is by law made more influential than himself. It protects, too, only the rich, and a proposal to represent minorities must be such as any minority can use, whether rich or poor. Cumulative voting, though the *Times* has declared for it, and though the people would probably not oppose it, as it concretes instead of denying equality, will probably be rejected on the ground that it would do too much; would in some places, and under circumstances of rare occurrence, make the minority equal to the majority in power. It is equal now, when Harwich sends two Tories to nullify Birmingham's two Liberals; but Englishmen only like anomalies as they like Stilton cheeses—when they are tolerably old. There remains two other plans, either of which is just, either of which would be seen to be just, and either of which would secure the one proposed. The first, but not the easiest, is to create at least one hundred three-cornered boroughs, boroughs with three members in each, and leave the system of voting exactly as it was before the third member was added. Each voter must then either vote for two persons or give a plumper, and the odd man representing the minority would inevitably be seated. There would be no danger then of over-representing the weaker party, for half the constituency plus one would inevitably seat two members, and half the constituency minus one could only seat one. The single difficulty of this plan is to get enough seats, and this may most easily be done by raising the numbers of the House of Commons to 700. The other plan, which would be equally satisfactory, and probably attended with less real disturbance, is Mr. Cobden's. Make every seat single. Divide every county and borough with more than one member into two sections, and let one man be seated for each, as is the practice, we believe, in every other country with a representative assembly, certainly in America, France, Italy, and Prussia. The minority will then have nearly 250 more chances, and if it cannot use them, the presumption is strong that it is either too weak to have any perceptible influence at all, or is too little in earnest to go to the polls.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

**THROAT DISEASES.**—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soarsness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable."—[ADVERTISEMENT.]



A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.



THE LOCK-OUT IN THE FACTORY DISTRICTS. (See Page 91.)

**Dead Acre:**  
A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.  
BY  
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the First.

PRIVATE INQUIRIES.

## CHAPTER XI.

BLACK WHITE.

In 1840 the world was very wicked.

But then, in 1840, we were yet in the Dark Ages. Gentlemen were to be seen walking about the streets in dress-coats and light trousers, fancying themselves fashionably attired. There was then no railway between London and Brighton. Mr. Fitz Roy's act had not been passed for the better regulation of Metropolitan Stage and Hackney Carriages, and there were many cabmen in the habit of asking more than their legal fare. Of course the stage was declining—it is a way the stage has always had. Very few of our now popular actors and authors had ever been heard of. The Marquis of Exeter had not yet built his Change. Half-farthings had not been invented. Young men of fashion yet pulled off knockers and broke away bell-handles. At the south-end of Regent-street there was a sort of colonnade, called the Quadrant, at times infested by bad characters. To get rid of the bad characters, they pulled the pillars down, and they were thus got rid of, and abolished entirely. In the Quadrant, in those days of darkness, were one or two houses where, at night, behind the fan-light, a lamp burnt brightly, and here much money was lost and won; for these establishments were what, in those uncivilised times, persons actually saw no impropriety in calling "Hells."

Those houses were for a higher class of gambler than others to be found almost within a stone's throw in the adjacent back streets. At some of these latter, elbows were shaken for quite paltry amounts—a few shillings even. Within double-locked doors, up carefully-guarded staircases, all sorts of liars, thieves, and vagabonds herded together; won each other's money fairly when they could, and unfairly when they had the opportunity; bragged and bounced, swore splendid oaths, and talked largely about the honour of gentlemen.

Among this pretty company strayed, now and then, a rich greenhorn, who came, hoping to win another's money, and lost his own, and who, raising a foolish outcry, not unfrequently got knocked upon the head, sometimes quietly put out of the way, or flung out into the street.

The accounts of what befel some of these greenhorns getting into the papers in no way deterred others from venturing into the lion's mouth, and so the rugged, bewigged, and padded Captains Rook, Deuceace, and the rest of them, were rarely without their pigeon.

At a certain public-house, up a winding lane, north of the Hay-market, when Richard Gladless, Esq., visited it upon the night that Jeffcoat dogged him up to town, there were two pigeons to pluck—himself and another. Entering the bar, with his jauntiest gait, he stopped for a minute or two to drink a glass of brandy, and joke with the young lady with bell-rope ringlets—a popular style of ringlet in 1840. In a light and airy way he paid his little compliment, and smiled, and bowed, and passed on, leaving behind an impression on the young lady's mind that he was "quite the gentleman," which, in a threadbare, broken-kneed way, he was.

Jeffcoat, having entered the bar, and listened to the compliment, had also heard the young lady observe that "the captain" was "behind with the rest of them;" and, finding no one to say him nay, he followed in Mr. Gladless's steps.

At the end of a passage there was an old-fashioned room, some portion of which was divided off in boxes; and in one of these the spy seated himself, and sought shelter behind an outspread newspaper. At the other end of the room, round the fireplace, were several men of that style that Mr. Hablot K. Browne draws so well. The high black satin stock, the short buff waistcoat, the tight-strapped trouser, and the curly hat-brim.

Also some of the military style, wearing a double-breasted frock-coat, carrying a gold-headed cane with tassel, sporting gloves of astonishing tints, and wigs without a hair out of its place, revealing much lofty brow in front, and enough and to spare of neck behind: these last gentlemen with many and deep creases about the jowl, which, however, had not prevented them being shaved surprisingly clean, except their upper lips, where they wore grizzly moustaches at the stubby stage.

Among this company was a gaily dressed gentleman, of quite a different pattern to look at, but who, it was evident, regarded the present company as samples of what ought to be. This gentleman had seen, to take his word for it, more life than any one present. He drank most, and smoked the largest cigars. He also swore the biggest oaths; but, for all this, he laboured under one dreadful disadvantage—he was distressingly young.

"Why, Dick," cried this youthful blood, when he caught sight of Gladless, "my pippin, my tulip, you are quite a stranger, damme!"

This was fast talk in 1840. They did not exactly "chaff" in those days; but you may be sure there was plenty of as clever banter going on then as now, though it was called another name.

"How do you do, Mr. White?" returned the volatile Dick. He was commonly called "Black White," upon account of his depravity, and was highly proud of it.

"I swear to heaven," cried Mr. White, "I never in all my life saw such a chicken-hearted cove as you are, Dick. I used to call you 'Dare-devil,' but you are no longer worthy of the name; the fact is, after all the trouble I have had in bringing you out, you mean to disgrace me. Where have you been hiding yourself lately? Why haven't we had the pleasure of your society this ever so long, and longer?"

"My dear boy," said Mr. Gladless, "I have had other and important engagements."

"Been playing at some other table, I suppose?"

"No—no."

"Some affair of the heart, perhaps?"

"No—no."

"I'll stake my life it was."

"No—no."

"We must look to this," said Mr. White. "Our gay young friend here must be looked after. We must not let him give us the double any more."

"No fear of that."

"I don't know. As it is, I suspect you have been hiding. Where was it?"

"Nowhere," replied Gladless, somewhat uneasily. "Nowhere, I assure you."

"Look here, then, young fellow," pursued Mr. White. "Don't try it again, or next time we will tie you up by the leg. Do you hear?"

To this threat Mr. Gladless only replied, with a somewhat silly laugh, poking at Mr. White with his cane, and gradually lapsed into silence. The others then resumed a conversation about horse-racing, which had been interrupted by his entrance. Mr. Gladless sat chafing for some time under this talk, and then broke in with,

"Well, captain, are not we to have our little flutter this evening?"

It's so long since I touched the bones; I've almost forgotten how many pips there are on them."

"The very thing that I was saying myself," said the captain addressed, a very blue-gilled, military man, with no visible linen; "but Mr. White here doesn't care about it."

"Don't I care about it, my trump of trumps!" responded the person alluded to; "that's what I came here for, and all I want is to begin: my soul's in arms, and eager for the play, or fray, or whatever it may be."

"Suppose we do begin, then," said Mr. Gladless, rising.

"I am afraid I can hardly spare the time," said the blue captain.

"I have got an appointment," said another.

"I was just thinking of going home to bed," said a third.

"The idea of Tom Owl, there, going to bed while it's dark," cried young Black White. "We shan't suck that in, selp me never."

"Of course, if nobody can stop," said Gladless, "I had better go home again; but I'll go somewhere else first. I mean to try my luck to-night, if I die for it."

There was a good deal of vague talk after this, which ended by the whole party rising and following the landlord, who had come in, and to whom the blue-gilled captain had whispered something, out of a door at the other end of the room.

Thus was the spy left to himself, a half-emptied glass standing before him. His entrance had not been noticed any more than had the departure of another stranger, who had been sitting in the room when he first came into it. A very sleepy potboy, coming in, stirred the fire, and fell into a dose with the poker in his hand, and his forehead resting against the mantelpiece; but no other event occurred to break the monotony of a very long three-quarters of an hour.

This potboy, awakening to find Jeffcoat's eye fixed upon him, resented it with an angry growl.

"Now then!" he said.

"Now then," responded Jack.

"Did you want nothing?"

"No."

"What made you holler, then?"

"I didn't holler."

"Some un did. They're al'ays hollerin in this shop, some un is."

"Ain't it most time you shut up and went to bed?"

"So we shall, I s'pose, some time."

"When the gents upstairs are gone."

"Ah."

"Many here to-night?"

"Midlin'."

"Same as usual, eh?"

"Just so."

"Know the old gent, Mr. Gladless?"

"Know none on 'em."

"Why, he's a regular, isn't he?"

"Know nothing about it."

There was not very much to be got out of this potboy, and Jack thought he had better abandon the attempt.

At the end of an hour, and just when Jeffcoat was beginning to despair of seeing anything more of the man he had come there to watch, and who, he was afraid, had left the house by another way, the door at the end of the room opened suddenly, and Richard Gladless, very wild and haggard, and seemingly half drunk, came unsteadily in and flung himself down upon a seat.

"Here, damn you, let me have some brandy. Why don't you serve a gentleman?" he cried, without, however, noticing that there was no waiter in the room to serve him.

Taking advantage of this circumstance, Jeffcoat approached the old man, and bowing said, "Allow me to ring the bell, sir; I

want to give an order myself. They are very inattentive, I think."

The old man stared at him vacantly.

"What?" he said.

"May I ring for you?"

"Why should you ring? I don't want anything that I know of."

"You called the waiter just now, sir, and there was no one in the room."

"Ah, to be sure—to be sure!" said the old man, dreamily.

"I have been calling for the last ten minutes myself. I think the people here are rather hard of hearing."

"All they care for is to rob one at their cursed table," replied Gladless, banging down his fist as he spoke, "with their infernal loaded dice."

"Indeed, I had no idea that this was a gambling-house," said Jeffcoat.

"The worst in London, sir," said Gladless, in tipsy confidence. "A word in your ear, sir. A nest of thieves—a den of —, but here's the waiter."

"A bottle of port," said Jeffcoat. "Will you permit me to ask you, sir, to do me the honour of drinking it with me?"

Mr. Gladless looked up at him for a moment with a vacant stare, at the same time plunging his hands deep into his trousers' pockets. "I forgot that they had cleaned me out of my last shilling."

"What does that matter?" cried Jeffcoat, with affected joviality. "You must be my guest. It will be your turn another night."

"To be sure," said Gladless. "I suppose I shall not always have such wretched luck. It has stuck to me a long while now. But there was a time—there was a time —."

Here he broke off, and muttered to himself, in an absent way, whilst Jeffcoat filled the glasses.

"I hope, sir, your losses have not been heavy to-night," he said.

"No, no; a mere bagatelle as to the amount—only I don't mind telling you, because I can see you are a gentleman. My means are not what they used to be. I could have lost my thousand once, sir; and have, and not turned a hair. That's what you'll find in a gentleman, sir; and that's what gets my blood up. These blackguard black-legs don't know a gentleman when they see one. This is a very fair glass of wine—very fair, indeed."

By this time Mr. Gladless's glass had been filled more than once, Jeffcoat artfully plying him with the liquor.

"You've had bad luck to-night?"

"No luck at all," said the other. "I threw nothing. I couldn't go on for want of money, or else I should have got it all back. I am certain of that. I feel that this would have been one of my lucky nights in the end."

"Ah, you will conquer some day, in spite of them," said Jeffcoat. "Let's have another bottle. It's a pity to break up so early."

"Yes," said the old man, who had again fallen back into his thoughtful mood; "I've come off the winner more than once at other places than the gaming-table, and I'll do so again. I was lucky in my marriage. I have a handsome daughter; but she has not got the style her mother had. People have tried to put their heel on me, but I have turned upon them. When I was quite a lad, I called my man out and shot him. We don't fight duels now; but I won't be crushed. There was a scoundrel who tried to crush me. He's dead, you understand. Damn him! yes. No man shall make a slave and tool of Dick Gladless."

The spy leaning forward, and eagerly drinking in every word, again filling the old man's glass:

"In such a case," said he, "I'd have done as you did—I'd have struck him down. There are lots of other ways, beside a sword and bullet."

"Thousands of ways," said the old man, with a laugh. "Thousands of ways—thousands of ways. This is really a very fair glass of wine."

"As long as it's safe," said Jeffcoat, "what odds what way it is. In the country I come from, an enemy is often enough removed quietly without fuss or inquiry."

"What country is that?"

"Rome."

"Rome, eh? But you are an Englishman?"

"Oh, yes; I am English."

"I was a little doubtful from the way you wore—I fancied—that is—"

"From my dress?"

"No—excuse me—from your hair. I thought, perhaps, you might have been ill."

"Oh, no. A foreign fashion. They all wear it so where I come from."

"Rome?"

"Yes; the best place in the world to get rid of an enemy in."

"Ah! so I've heard. There are some strange things done here, though. I could tell you one if I chose; but I must be going."

"What hurry is there?"

"I want to have another turn at the table—perhaps one of my friends will let me have a pound to start me. With a fresh start, I am certain I shall have good luck."

"I am quite a stranger to you," said Jeffcoat; "but I hope we may become better acquainted. I believe in these presents—let me lend you a pound. Let us go together to the table. You shall play, and we will share the winnings. Is that a bargain?"

"With all my heart," said Gladless. "Come with me."

With this, rising from his seat, the old man led the way as steadily as he could towards the inner door. Upon the threshold, however, he paused.

"It's very strange our meeting, isn't it?" he said, with a silly laugh. "Do you know, I seem as if I had known you ever so many years."

"And I you."

"So very odd. We must see more of one another, eh? Here is my card, sir. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance."

"I am afraid I have not got my card-case with me," said Jeffcoat; "but my name is Smith. It is comparatively a common one, and not difficult to remember."

"To be sure—to be sure. Allow me to shake hands with you, Mr. Smith. I must not lose sight of you."

"Not I of you."

Then, with his hand resting on the old man's arm, the spy smiled to himself as they walked onwards, side by side.

"I'm not afraid of losing you," he thought; "you won't run far."

Thus he was willing to play with his victim as a cat plays with a mouse.

Surely it was noble sport thus to track down and drag to the gallows'-foot a poor guilty wretch. Brave work for an honest man!

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE CHAIN BROKEN.

An hour later and Jeffcoat and Gladless were seated at a green-covered table on which were littered little heaps of gold and silver, and packs of cards; round which was gathered a little ill-looking crowd of eager white faces with restless eyes.

Only the sound of one man's voice was heard speaking now and again in monotonous tones; and the chink of the money, and the flutter of the cards, alone broke the silence between his intervals of speech.

Before Jeffcoat and his companion, there was a larger heap of gold than before any one else, and they were yet winning more and more. With a tumbled head of hair, Black White was playing desperately, and losing large sums. The blue-gilled captain occasionally swore loudly at his own bad luck. "It was enough to make a man take an oath," he said, "never to touch a card again." Now and then a silence was suddenly disturbed by a clamour arising—a dispute with threats of violence, or some furious outbreak of rage and impatience from one of the losers.

All at once there was a loud outcry: some one had been found with a card up his sleeve. In an instant everybody was on his feet. The table rolled like a ship at sea. Greedy hands clutched at the scattered gold, and dexterous thievish fingers hooked in to their lots wandering coins belonging to their neighbours. A dozen voices shouting at once. Glaring eyes, clenched teeth, upraised fists. In the middle of all a loud banging at some distant door, the clatter of running feet along the passage, and the waiter entering out of breath to say that the police were breaking in and everybody had better save themselves.

Thrusting a handful of gold into the hands of Gladless, and securing some about his own person, Jeffcoat dragged his companion along, and fought his way to the door. As he reached it, some one unseen, turned out the lights, and almost next moment, Jack felt a hand upon his throat and another upon his breast where he had put his money. Striking out fiercely, his doubled fist came in contact with his assailant's face, who fell back with a loud cry, whilst at the same time he received a heavy blow upon the back of his own head which for a moment stunned him.

Without relinquishing his hold of Gladless's arm, he pushed forward, and, finding a door barring the passage, flung himself with all his strength against it and burst it open. There was a little crowd without of landlord, servants, and guests, and a flood of light poured into the gamblers' faces.

"Not this way! Not this way!" cried the landlord, coming forward.

"Why not?"

"The police are in the street."

"Why are they so quiet, then. I'll risk it."

"But I will not open the door."

"I can open it myself, without your assistance."

"Not if I know it."

"We will see."

A sharp exchange of blows, and the landlord was biting the dust, and Jeffcoat victorious.

Pulling Gladless along, he made his way through the bar, and presently, without further opposition, out into the street.

"I am glad we've got safe over that business," said Jeffcoat. "They meant having our money, I fancy. That card they found, and the alarm of 'Police,' were part of the plan. I am glad we are out of it."

Even now, they were not perhaps quite safe, for ugly heads were watching them from round a corner not far off, and a whispered consultation was going on within the public-house.

"Which way do you live?" asked Jeffcoat. "We might as well walk together."

"No, no," replied the other, suspiciously; "I'll go alone. I shall get a coach close by. Where shall I see you to-morrow? Then we can square accounts."

"Oh, the accounts are square enough," returned Jeffcoat, contemptuously, who knew that his companion had only the best of the bargain by a pound or two, and knew also that the other fancied he was cheating him to a much larger amount. "Shall I help you to find a coach?"

"Never mind that; I won't trouble you. Can you meet me tomorrow?" and he named a well-known tavern. "Will you be there at noon?"

They parted, promising to meet, and Jeffcoat, stepping into a doorway, with the intention of lighting a pipe, watched his retreating figure slowly progressing down a narrow lane, in a westerly direction.

While he still stood within the shadow of the doorway, feeling for a match, the blue-gilled captain and one of his companions passed by, talking eagerly, and one pointed in the direction that Gladless had taken, which they took also.

"A strange night's work this," said Jeffcoat. "More profitable, though, than the rest of the business has been. I must have over thirty pounds in my pocket. Still, I should not have thought myself well paid if I had lost my life for it. With respect to my friend, Gladless, it would not be a difficult job, I fancy, to place him in a prisoner's dock. If Solomon had not been a fool, he would have seen how the land lay at first. Of course, the likeliest person to have poisoned Jabez was this old man, whom he ill-used and browbeat continually. Supposing the father to have committed the murder, every action of the daughter is explained. She simply obtained the false certificate of death to shelter the old man, whom she loves, and she used the promissory note as a bribe to her old lover, whom she knew to be hard up and unscrupulous. The idea that she was the murderer was monstrously absurd, but now I have my hand upon the right man, and he shall not escape me. By to-morrow night I will have proved his guilt beyond doubt."

He had lighted his pipe by this time, and was hesitating which way he should turn, when he fancied that he heard a cry.

"A queer sort of neighbourhood this to lose one's way in with a lot of money in one's pocket," he said. "I wonder what has become of my gambling companions. It must have been rather annoying to them to see us pulling in the coin just now. One thing is sure enough, I shall never give them their revenge. I suppose Gladless will, though, if I do not decide upon laying him up by the heels. I dare say that is where he squandered the murdered man's money; and that poor girl now half starving herself on his account, I expect. Curse him! I must hang him for her sake."

But presently a thought occurred to him which he wondered had not occurred to him before.

How, he asked himself, was he to account for that purchase of poison of which he had been a witness? Why was she buying poison, and in such a stealthy fashion? But then, when he came to reflect, how was he sure it was poison? And if it was, an explanation of her conduct could probably be found.

One explanation!—a thousand, if necessary. Somehow, in this woman's cause, he felt capable of any amount of argument.

"Whether or not she was an accomplice, I cannot say," was Jack's conclusion; "but I am certain that the old man had a hand in the murder, and to-morrow, as sure as there is a heaven above

us, I will bring him down upon his knees, and wring a full confession out of him."

Thus meditating, Jeffcoat took his way down the winding lane in which Gladless had disappeared. It certainly was an ugly neighbourhood just hereabouts. It was between two and three in the morning, yet there were lights in more than one window, and from more than one direction issued faint sounds of revelry or discord.

He passed a low coffee-house, with dirty red curtains and dirty blinds, from which came forth a dull murmur. He passed the entrances to vile courts and alleys, full of pestiferous stenches. There was no one that he could see abroad in the streets, but yet more than once he stared suspiciously into dark corners he had to pass by, expecting lurking robbers ready to spring out upon him.

The golden pieces in his pocket made him more than ordinarily cautious, or else Jack Jeffcoat was not inclined to be timid, and he ought surely to have felt himself at home in bad company.

Yes, he had certainly seen a good deal of the very worst company procurable, both at home and abroad, and most of it was of his own seeking.

Once upon a time—who shall say how long ago?—he had actually been a gentleman. Once upon a time, he had been a young gentleman, and had studied manners and morals in a select academy. Just within his recollection was a period when he had been horrified by the thought of certain vices. What would have shocked him now?

Since he had turned thief himself, he had come to the conclusion that the world contained nothing but scoundrels in various stages of development, and fools who were so very foolish they could not be rogues. Everybody had his price—it was only a question of bidding high enough.

All men were thieves and liars, all women were false and heartless. Nobody cared for anybody but themselves.

Yet the world was pleasant enough. The sun shone now and then very brightly, birds had tuneful voices, and flowers a sweet smell. It was worth while living, if one had money to spend. What odds how false a woman was, or how great thieves were one's neighbours. Take care of number one was the proper motto, and let the rest shift for themselves.

Yet with this fine philosophy, how absurd it was to think that ever since he had happened to find a lock of hair wrapped up in paper, his mind had been continually reverting to those hopeless days of darkness, when he was innocent—that is to say, before he was convicted—when he had still a belief in something—when he was, or, anyhow, when people called him, a gentleman.

A lock of woman's hair! What magic had there been in its contact with his hand? The recollection of it seemed to cling to him as the silken tress had clung about his fingers.

Perhaps after all, it was not her hair. True it was something of the colour, as well as he could judge at a distance, but the probabilities were certainly against its having belonged to her.

What, however, had he to do with probabilities? The most unlikely things came oftenest to pass, the seemingly most certain never were realised.

"Why, all my life has been a toss-up," he said, "What have I ever counted on that I have not been disappointed in? The other day, I fancied myself within an hour of certain death, and now—God knows I may be within five minutes of it."

His prospects, were he to live much longer, were certainly none of the brightest. He had got a pocket full of money that night, it is true, but he could hardly expect to make an income at the gaming table. In the old time, he had lost a small fortune there and on the race course, and he had ceased to have any faith in this, as in other things.

"I wish to heaven though," he thought, "I could lift myself once more out of the mire. If I only had a fair chance once more, how differently I would act. If I could only be respectable. But what's the use of wishing. I am such an awful bad lot. I am such an utter scoundrel, such a downright despicable miscreant. Why, if she knew me and my trade, she would turn away from me with horror and disgust. Besides, I could not find words to use if I talked to her. My mouth is full of oaths, that get cross-ways with my teeth, and break up my sentences. What a wretched life I am to think about her at all!"

Truly, a strange condition of things was this, of the hired spy falling in love with the murderer he was paid to snare!—an almost impossible case had not the man chosen for the office been such an odd jumble of villainies and virtuous aspirations as we have seen.

But who shall reason in matters of love? Ere now have not emperors loved their slaves, and kings their scullions? It is not in the orthodox attachments of our middle classes, where the propertied stifle the passions, that we must expect to find women make noble sacrifices and do heroic deeds.

Of late, some of our novelists have striven, and with considerable success, to invest the love-making of young ladies and gentlemen with some of the romantic interest which once was associated only with the days of chivalry and trunk hose; but I am afraid the pictures are too highly coloured, and that the real business is of the namby-pambiest.

The love growing up now in this social outcast's heart was not of that mild pattern. It was a passion wild and fierce—a passion which might lead him towards better things, nobler aims and ends, and make a man of him yet, but, on the other hand, when he became thoroughly convinced of its desperate hopelessness, might drive him to still further excesses, rob him of his last remnants of belief in God or man, and plunge him down into an abyss of degradation deeper than that of the savage heathens in South Africa.

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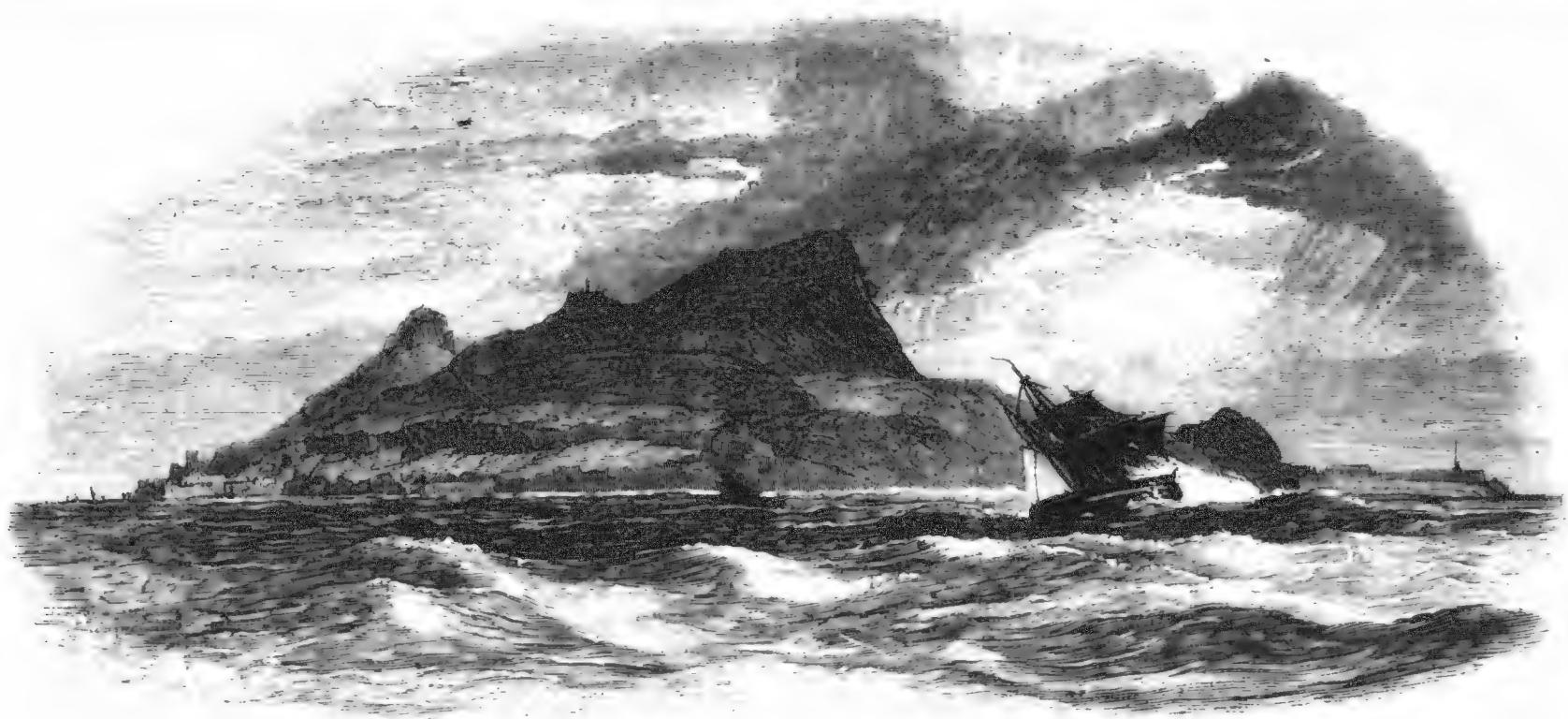
The love that was growing up, I said; but had it not already full possession of his heart, against which, at this moment, he wore a tress of hair? Was her image ever absent from his thoughts? Was not her face ever present to him as he had seen it that night, when she stretched forth her hand and drew him back from the riverside? And, again, when she had come out of the house in Sloane-street, where she had been unsuccessfully seeking employment? Could he ever forget the tones of her sweet, sad voice in that sordid haunt of misery where he had heard her striving feebly to get a good price for her little trinkets?

This pale-faced girl—so helpless, so delicate—thrown on her own resources, compelled to herd with cheats and rustlers—she it was that he had to hunt down. And should he do so?

Suppose she was a murderer, and the blood of the dead Russian was on her head—what provocation had she had? What bitter misery had she endured? How otherwise could she have freed herself from the hateful trammels surrounding her?

Did he love her any the less because he thought that she might be guilty? He hoped that she was innocent, not so much because he had a horror of the crime she had committed, but because he was terrified lest she might be punished for it. The more certain he had grown that she was a murderer, the more his love had grown with the certainty—of course one fact in no way influencing





VIEW OFF GIBRALTAR.

## VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.

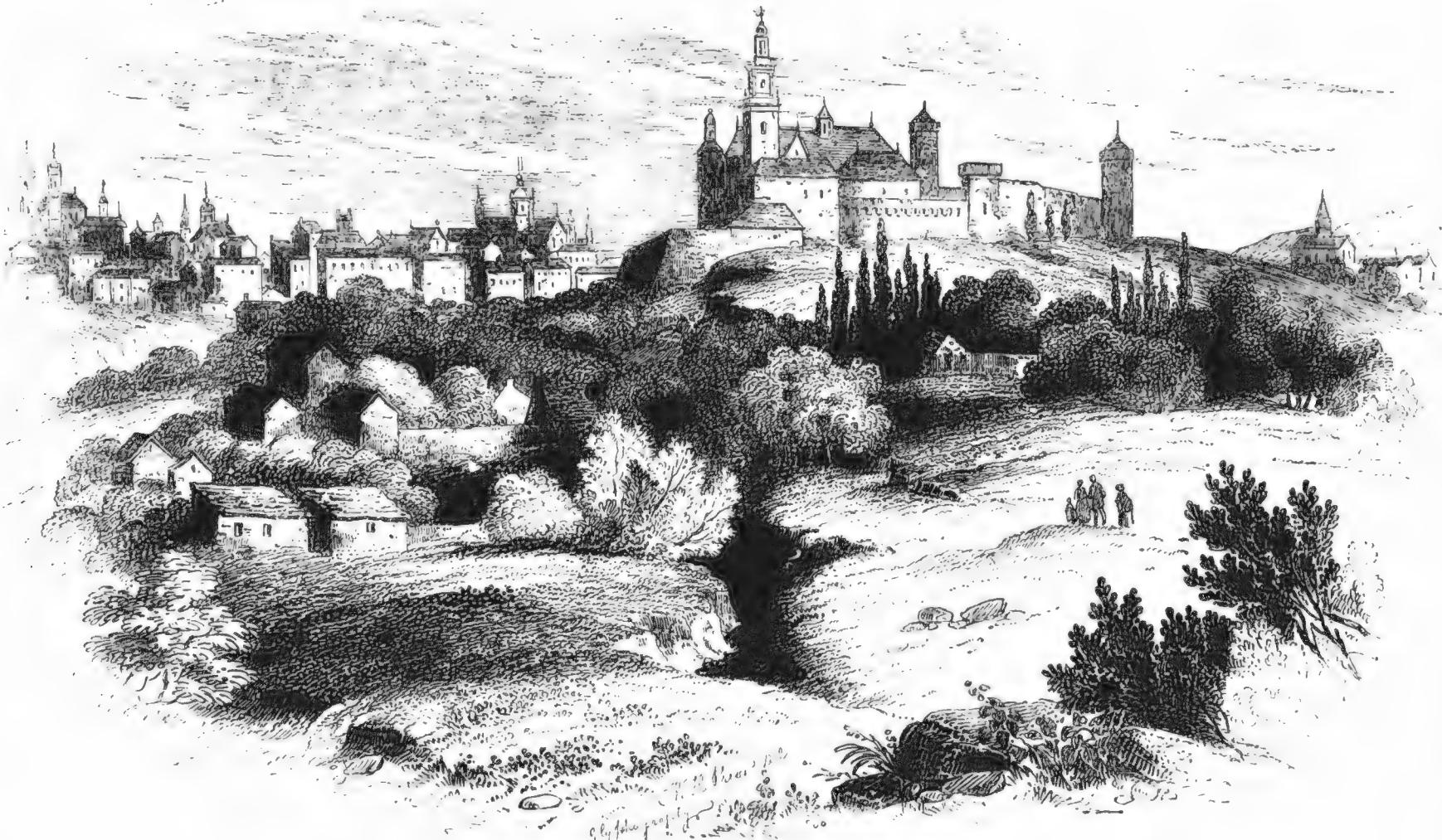
THE celebrated fortress of Gibraltar, of which we give a sketch above, stands on the west side of a mountainous promontory, a rock, projecting into the sea south about three miles, being from half a mile to three-quarters of a mile in breadth. The south extremity of the rock, fronting the low narrow isthmus which connects it with the mainland, is perpendicular, and wholly inaccessible. The east and south sides are steep and rugged, and extremely difficult of access, so as to render any attack upon them, even if they were not fortified; next to impossible, so that it is only on its west side, fronting the bay, where the rock declines into the

sea, and the town is built, that it can be attacked with the faintest prospect of success. Here, however, the strength of the fortifications are such that the fortress seems impregnable. It was occupied by the Moors when they held possession of Spain. It was afterwards recaptured by the King of Castile in 1462, and remained in the hands of Spain until 1704, when it was taken by the English, and retained by them up to the present time, though attempts have been made to wrest it from Great Britain.

The Prussian Arctic expedition, at first delayed by the war, has now been indefinitely postponed.

A telegram received from Metelin announces that a terrible earthquake had occurred there, which had laid the island in ruins and caused the death of several hundred persons.

A meeting of journeymen printers was held two evenings back at the Folies-Belleville, for the purpose of expressing the sentiments of that body on the subject of the special permission now required to open a printing establishment. After a discussion of more than two hours, resolutions were passed to the effect that the monopoly so long existing had never been of service to the cause of typography, and that the printing business ought to be thrown open to all.



THE CITY OF CRACOW.



THE TERAMA PALACE, IN THE KREMLIN OF CRACOW.

## THE TERAMA PALACE, IN THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW.

THIS is a part of the ancient palace of the savage old Czars of Muscovy, and is a remarkable building, both as regards style and architecture. It consists of four several stories, and gradually diminishes as it goes upward, until the highest storey only contains a single room. As will be seen in our illustration, on the roof are twelve gilded cupolas, which glitter in the sun. By some writers this interesting relic of old Muscovite days has been compared to the lessening tubes of a telescope, when the instrument is drawn out, and on the space left by the retreat of one storey from the ceiling to the other, is said to be a balcony, ascending from each terrace to that above. In the lowest part of the building visitors to the Kremlin are shown the throne and audience-chamber of those old Czars who used to deal in so summary a manner with their subjects who incurred their displeasure, and the upper part is pointed out as being the dwelling of the princess and children of that family to which Peter the Great gave imperial rank.

## THE CITY OF CRACOW.

THIS once important city, shown in our illustration on page 92, was formerly the capital of the kingdom of Poland, but now despoiled of all its original grandeur. The city is divided into three portions, one of which, the Jew's quarter, is built on an isle in the Vistula. It has, besides, several suburbs. Cracow has near it Mount Wawel, a rock of moderate elevation but considerable extent, on which are the castle and cathedral, and two barrows, said to be the burial-places of the founder of the city and his daughter Venda. The city itself is old, and irregularly built, but its streets are broad, and its churches and other public buildings, having many of them interesting monuments, and being associated with some of the most important events of Polish history, invest it with much interest. It was formerly fortified; but the ramparts have been converted into public walks. The royal castle of Cracow, built in the fourteenth century, formerly the residence of the kings of Poland, though not in ruins, is greatly decayed. The cathedral, alone, has retained its splendour. Here are buried many of the kings of Poland and men of note. The city is said to have been built about the year 700, by Krak, a Polish duke, from whom it derived its name. It successively belonged to the Moravians and Bohemians, and was taken from the latter, at the end of the tenth century, by Boleslaus the Great, who made it the capital of Poland. In the sixteenth century it contained three times its present number of inhabitants. Of the decline of Cracow from its former importance all readers of modern history are perfectly acquainted.

## AN EXECUTION IN FRANCE.

LEMAIRE, the cynical young assassin, who was tried three weeks since, was guillotined on the 8th inst. His crime was deliberately murdering a woman whom his father was about to marry. In court he not only pleaded guilty but gloried in his crime. He stated that his "plan" was to murder first his future step-mother and her family, and then to kill his father; afterwards he meant to rob the house, and "faire la noce"—a slang French phrase, the only equivalent for which is to "have some fun"—with the money, and then surrender. He told the court that a life of hard work would not suit him, and he made a speech to the jury pointing out that his was not a case for "extenuating circumstances," and told the court that his judges would have a great deal to answer for if they did not sentence him to death. The jury for a wonder brought in a verdict of guilty, without "extenuating circumstances," and sentence of death was duly recorded against him. He refused to appeal to the Court of Cassation, and stubbornly declined to be in any way a party to the efforts of his counsel to obtain a commutation of punishment from the Emperor's mercy. His advocate, however, used his utmost endeavours to save the life of this precocious murderer; but the report of the medical men who examined him was conclusive as to the absence of any indication of anything like insanity, and it was determined to let the law take its course. For several days the Place de la Roquette, where executions now take place, had been thronged by that motley crowd which the guillotine always brings together. Night after night, in spite of the sleet and snow and frost, thousands had met in the narrow dismal street that leads to the dingy little square. On Friday morning the perseverance of these amateurs of the guillotine was rewarded—the sinister-looking machine was being put up by torch-light. A large body of troops and police were marched up, and cleared the narrow square, so that the crowd, driven into the back streets, was after all cheated of its treat—to see the fall of the knife. But some *dilettante*, who occupied the windows of neighbouring wine-shops, had full view of the ghastly scene. As day was breaking, about half-past five, the executioner and his staff made their appearance on the platform, and immediately proceeded to see that the machinery was in good working order, by twice letting the knife fall. Meanwhile his attendants brought up a number of pails of water, and a number of bundles of straw, which they proceeded to make a litter of under and around the fatal machine. A little later a black, one-horse spring wagon was driven up. Whilst this was going on the crowd in the streets were not pushing or fighting, but quietly singing, "*La femme à barbe*," "*Fallait pas qu'il y aille*," and other ditties of the same character. Lemaire was roused from his sleep at about half-past five, and was told that the time had come. He braved it out to the last—he quietly remarked that he had been waiting long

enough. He underwent the fatal *toilette*, i.e., the shearing of the hair at the back of the head, and the cutting off of the collar of his shirt, without wincing. Before his arms were pinioned he was asked whether he would like to take anything. He said he should like to smoke a pipe to the end, and he ascended the scaffold quietly puffing away at a short, black clay pipe. On the scaffold the executioner took it out of his mouth, and removed a blouse which was thrown over his shoulders; he looked round unconcernedly. The attendants then bound him to the plank. The eye-witness who supplied these particulars felt unable to look on any longer—he turned his head aside—heard a heavy thud, and when he ventured to look up saw the executioner's assistants dashing great bucketfuls of water over the platform. The papers state that "he consented to confess his sins to the prison chaplain, and to receive the last sacraments," but nothing in his attitude showed penitence for the crime he had committed.

THE LATE ARTEMUS WARD.—A large number of the members of the Savage Club, and other gentlemen interested in paying a mark of respect to the memory of the late Artemus Ward, held a meeting on Friday week at Ashley's Hotel, Henrietta-street; Mr. Andrew Halliday in the chair. It had been the wish of the deceased that his body should be buried in American soil, but it was thought that his friends in England ought to pay some tribute of respect to his remains before they were sent away. It was therefore agreed that the body should be interred temporarily in Kensal-green Cemetery, in order that those who wished might have the melancholy satisfaction of following their lamented friend's corpse to the grave. The body of the deceased gentleman, which arrived in London on Thursday evening from Southampton, was deposited in the house of Mr. Milwort, Haverstock-hill, and was conveyed thence, on Saturday, to Kensal-green Cemetery. A memorial will be placed in the cemetery at a future time. By his will the deceased gentleman leaves the bulk of his property to his mother, whose age is 62. A noble library, formed by his uncle, Calvin Brown, is bequeathed to the best boy in the school of his native village, Waterford, Oxford County, State of Maine. He provides that his page, an intelligent lad, shall be put to a printer's—the first in America—for two years, "to learn the value of learning," and to find out what he has missed; and that afterwards he shall receive a collegiate education. The property bequeathed to Mr. Brown's mother is on her death to revert in trust to Mr. Horace Greeley, of New York, to be applied for the foundation of an asylum for aged and decayed printers, he having himself belonged to their craft. He has appointed as his executors Mr. T. W. Robertson and Mr. E. P. Hington, the latter of whom has accompanied him in his travels, and has been for some time his secretary.

## MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

**A FATHER BURNING HIS SON.**—A tall strong-looking fellow, named William Foot, aged 39, residing at 96, East-street, stableman, was brought up at Marlborough-street, on a warrant which charged him with unlawfully beating and assaulting his son, William Foot. Mr. Tubbs, assistant overseer of Marylebone, conducted the prosecution on behalf of the parish. William Foot (the poor little fellow was led into the witness-box) said his age was near upon twelve years. He presented a rather diminutive appearance for that age. His garments, if that appellation might be given to them, were tattered and torn to the last shred. He appeared in a very emaciated and starving state. The injuries he had received upon his chest seemed so to have affected him that he could scarcely breathe. His head was bound in a surgical bandage. On being sworn, he said the prisoner was his father. On Wednesday night week he returned home and swore at him because the kettle was not boiling. He beat him and kicked him, and he was so afraid of him that he got under the bedsheet out of his way. He (the prisoner) then said, "You little —, I will pay you for the old and new." He then put the poker in the fire. Some time after, when it was hot, he poked at him under the bed. He burnt him on his chest, on his neck, and on his arms. (The little fellow upon being asked bared his chest, and the sight it presented caused a thrilling sensation to those who saw it. The two burns on the chest were almost as large as a man's hand. It may be as well to state that when this occurred he had no jacket or shirt on.) He continued—This morning he kicked me on the eye (there was a large wound over the right eye of the size of half-a-crown), causing the bad place. Mr. Mansfield asked the lad what his father did this for. He burst into tears, and it was several seconds before he could answer. He then said his breast was paining him so much where it was burnt that he could not keep himself upright, and so he kicked him in the eye. Mr. Tubbs said his worship would recollect that when the warrant was applied for the boy's face was then bleeding. He handed in a certificate, which stated that "William Foot was admitted into the infirmary, suffering from a wound on the right temple, and also burns on the neck, chest, and arms, caused, as he said, from kicks and the application of a hot poker." Mr. Tubbs added that the poker had been thrust into the boy's mouth, and burnt it. He had no doubt, if his worship sent the case for trial, the parish would prosecute. Mr. Mansfield said it was a case for trial, and upon the next occasion they had better have the medical gentleman present. How came the case under the notice of the parish? Sergeant Farley, 347 A: The boy was taken to Market-street Refuge, and it was through the manager it was brought under the notice of the police. Mr. Tubbs said the prisoner's mother was dead. A younger brother witnessed the brutal conduct, but, of course, could not interfere. Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner.

**A TRADESMAN'S WIFE CHARGED WITH PICKING POCKETS.**—Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp, the wife of a respectable tradesman at Dartford, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Woolrych, charged with picking the pockets of several females in the dispensing-room of Guy's Hospital. Charlotte Whitehouse said that on Tuesday week she entered the dispensing-room of the hospital to wait her turn for the supply of medicine advised her by the physician. She had at that time her purse, containing between five and six shillings in small silver, chiefly consisting of threepenny and fourpenny pieces. While waiting, the prisoner got into conversation with her, and suddenly left her. As soon as the witness had quitted the hospital, she had occasion to put her hand in her pocket, when she missed her purse and its contents. She immediately returned, and seeing the prisoner standing among the crowd, she told her of her loss. The prisoner seemed surprised, and instead of waiting for her medicine, she went out at another door, not used by the dispensary patients. Witness went round and waited till she came out, when she accused her of robbing her of her purse. They walked a little distance, when a crowd collected round them, at the corner, by a cutler's shop, and she positively saw the prisoner drop some silver down the area grating. A constable came up, and she gave the prisoner into custody. Police-constable 60 M said that between three and four o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon he saw a crowd collected at the corner of St. Thomas-street, and on going there last witness and other females gave the prisoner into his custody for picking their pockets in Guy's Hospital, and being told she had dropped some money down the grating of the latter shop, he went down the area, and found a fourpenny and six threepenny pieces. He then took the prisoner into custody, and, on her being searched, fifteen shillings and a return ticket to Dartford were found on her. She denied the accusation. Jane Walters said she was waiting for her medicine in the same room, and the prisoner came and spoke to her several times. As soon as she was gone witness missed her purse and contents. Witness added that she went after her, and saw money fall from her hand down the grating of the cutler's shop. The constable informed his worship that other females had lost their purses in the same room. He therefore asked for a remand for their attendance. Remanded accordingly.

**A NICE YOUNG MAN.**—William Montague, aged 22, who refused his address, but described himself as a clerk, was brought up before Mr. Flowers, at Bow-street, charged with stealing from the person of Sarah Brown a parcel containing three shirts, two linen bags, two pairs of socks, two collars, and three handkerchiefs, the property of Mr. Thomas Russel. Sarah Brown, an elderly person, said that she lived at 129 New Bond-street, and that about half-past seven the previous evening, she was standing at the door of Mr. Ward's, 3, Russell-street, Covent-garden. She had rang the bell and was waiting for the answer, when the prisoner snatched the parcel from her hands and ran down Wellington-street with it. She ran after him, but having another parcel was unable to go quick enough. However, she saw a young man pursue him, and when the constable brought the prisoner back she recognised him immediately. The prisoner asked no questions, but told the magistrate that he was looking for some work, and being unsuccessful in obtaining any, stole the parcel to save himself from starvation. Mr. Flowers informed the prisoner that he should go where he could get work, but after stealing he would find it very difficult to get any work at all. The prosecutrix said that she could not replace the stolen article under a pound at least. Edward Wade, a clerk, stated that on the evening in question he was in Wellington-street, about half-past 7, and perceived a crowd at the corner of Russell-street, Covent-garden. A moment afterwards a man (the prisoner) came bounding past him, while several people behind called out, "Stop him." He (Wade) followed him down Wellington-street into the Strand, and thence to Burleigh-street. Prisoner suddenly backed from Burleigh-street, and was proceeding towards Exeter-street, when witness caught him and gave him into the custody of

Police-constable F 37. Prisoner said nothing except in Wellington-street, when he turned round and exclaimed, "It's all right, lad." John Whittington, F 37, said that the prisoner was given into his custody by the last witness. On hearing the charge the prisoner replied, "I am guilty, there is no use denying it. I did it from want." Prisoner said that he had been stopping some time back at a lodging-house in Rose-street, but latterly he had been in the country singing at different public-houses for his living. He would have done the same in London, but he hardly knew how to go about it. The constable had searched the prisoner, but found nothing on him but a letter, which was handed to the magistrate. Mr. Flowers remarked that he did not wish to read the letter unless it was the prisoner's wish. Prisoner replied that there was no harm in it. It was only a private letter to his aunt in Brighton, asking her for some money, or if she could obtain him a situation anywhere. Prosecutrix (recalled) explained to the magistrate that she was taking the clean linen which she had washed home again, and that the above parcel was to have gone to Mr. Thomas Russel, in Tavistock-street. Mr. Flowers remanded the prisoner for further inquiries.

**RECOVERY OF PROPERTY THROUGH NEWSPAPER REPORTS.**—A short time since two men, named Robert Fenton and William Jones, were charged at Worship-street, on suspicion of having unlawfully in their possession a valuable gold watch and chain. They were remanded, and owing to the publicity given by the newspaper press, the friends of the rightful owner of the watch had claimed it. On the hearing of the case on the second remand, John Chadwick, of 153, Crisp-street, Poplar, was called, and swore that in June, 1866, his relative, James Chadwick, lost the watch by the side of Stratford Station; it then had a silver chain to it. The watch was purchased in Bombay. He left England in September last for Calcutta, and will not return for two or three years. Fanny Jefferson swore also to the identity of the watch; and other evidence having been given, the magistrate directed a further remand of Fenton (as Jones did not answer to his bail), and refused to accept bail for the former. On Saturday he was to have been brought up again; but on Mr. Gunner, the second usher, proceedings to the House of Detention, he was informed that Fenton had gone raving mad.

**ROBBERY OF £200 BY A SERVANT.**—Martha Schafer, aged twenty, a native of Germany, described as a domestic servant, was charged at Clerkenwell, before Mr. Barker, with stealing from the dwelling-house of Mr. John Kerze, baker, of 114, Essex-road, Islington, two pillow cases, one silk-apron, and a number of other articles of wearing apparel, and she was further charged on suspicion of stealing £200, the moneys of her employer. On a Sunday evening prosecutor's house was entered, and his iron safe—load enough for two men—containing £200 was taken away. Owing to his having had reason to suspect the honesty of the prisoner he called in the police, and had her box searched, and there found a large number of articles belonging to him. There were also a number of new things, articles of finery, such as she could never have purchased out of the wages she received. Police-sergeant Brittain, of the N division, said he should like a remand. The prisoner now being in custody, there might be an opportunity of catching the parties who stole the safe. The prisoner said she had no questions to ask, or any observations to make, except that she did not steal the safe or the money. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner to the House of Detention, to enable the police to make further inquiries.

**A LADY CHARGED WITH THROWING HER SERVANT ON THE FIRE.**—Mrs. Ann Horton, a lady residing in Rye-lane, Peckham, appeared before Mr. Elliott to answer a charge of assaulting her servant, and throwing her on the fire. Sarah Brown said she had been in the service of defendants for about three weeks. On the 1st inst. her mistress came down into the kitchen and ordered her to do certain work, which, she said, she could not accomplish until the next day. Her mistress became very excited, and struck her on the face, and pushed her so violently as to cause her to fall on the fire. Her back was much hurt, and her arm bruised against the bars of the grate. In cross-examination by defendant's solicitor she said she could not account for the consumption of ten gallons of ale in a few days, and was not drunk, and if not say she would not allow her mistress to enter the kitchen. She was taken into defendant's service without a character, but she was a very respectable widow. For the defence it was contended that complainant was the worse for drink at the time. Her mistress came into the kitchen, and requested her to do some necessary work. The complainant, in a very excited manner, told her mistress that she had no right to enter the kitchen without first knocking at the door. She was about leaving the kitchen, when the complainant pushed the door, and she in pushing it back caught the complainant, who, being the worse for liquor, fell on the fire. After some further evidence, and by the advice of the magistrate, the parties came to an understanding.

**THROWING STONES AT A RAILWAY TRAIN.**—Timothy Sullivan, a lad twelve years of age, was placed at the bar at Southwark charged with throwing stones at the carriages on the South-Eastern Railway while proceeding with passengers. It appeared from the evidence of Sergeant Gallop, 19 M, that on Sunday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, he saw a number of lads throwing stones in Bermondsey-street. He proceeded towards them, and as a train was crossing the road witness saw the prisoner throw several stones at the carriages, but as soon as he saw him he ran away, followed by the others. He pursued them, and took the prisoner into custody. The magistrate asked whether any one had been struck in the carriages. Witness believed not, but he understood several of the carriages were struck. The train had just come in, and was slowly entering the station. Mr. Bell, one of the inspectors in the employ of the company, said that he was on duty at the terminus, when he received information that stones had been thrown at the train just coming in. He made inquiries and found that no persons had been struck, although the stone had passed through one of the carriages. Witness added that on Sunday afternoons stones were being constantly thrown at the trains, and many passengers narrowly escaped being injured. The prisoner in a whining tone said that a boy threw a stone at him, and he threw one at him. He did not mean it to go near the railway carriages. The magistrate observed that stone-throwing in the public streets was very dangerous amusement, and when thrown at railway carriages the danger became more imminent, as life might have been sacrificed by such wanton mischievousness. The prisoner must pay a fine of five shillings, or go to prison for seven days. The mother of the lad begged his worship to let him go this time. She would chastise him and prevent his throwing stones for the future. The magistrate told her he had been guilty of a very serious offence and must put up with the consequences.

**A SAD CASE.**—Frederick Genzmer, a boy about 11 years of age was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stealing two sovereigns from his father, Henry Genzmer, a tailor, living at No. 5, Sherwood-place, Golden-square. The prosecutor said: The prisoner is my

son. I yesterday gave him the key of my room, and told him to go home and light the fire. On my subsequently going home, the prisoner had left the place and taken two sovereigns with him, and when I found him he had only about 10s left. I missed the money out of a cupboard, where I had hidden it. Prisoner: You don't give me any food. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Have you not charged him before? Prosecutor: Yes, and I charged another son also with robbing me. Barns, the gaoler: The prisoner's brother, who is two years older, is at Redhill Reformatory. The prisoner: My father bought a dagger, and tried to cut my throat. A girl living in the same house said: The prisoner went out, and gave me the key of his father's room to give to his father. Police-constable 124 C: The prisoner was brought to the station, and, in answer to the charge, said he only took one sovereign. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Who brought him to the station? Constable: His father. Prisoner: My father threatened to stab my mother with a dagger, and she went away and left him, and he wants to get rid of us, and to go to America. The prosecutor was charged at this court a few days ago with assaulting his wife, but she declined to press the charge. Mr. Tyrwhitt: What the prisoner said at the station was evidently under pressure, being afraid of his father. I doubt very much whether the money was taken at all. That the father wishes to get rid of his boys I have every reason to believe. I will remand the boy for a week, but I do so unwillingly, and if any one will be bail for him in the sum of 40s, I will take bail.

**CONVICTION OF A CONSTABLE.**—George Williams appeared to answer a summons, which charged him that he being a constable of the metropolitan police force did unlawfully withdraw himself from his duties, without having given one calendar month's notice to his superintendent. In the first instance, Mr. Butt, the superintendent of the V division, of which the defendant was a constable, applied for the issuing of a warrant, but Mr. Dayman told him that it was not a case for a warrant, as the offence was punishable by a pecuniary penalty only. Mr. Butt said it was the practice in such cases to grant warrants, but the magistrate said he should not grant one, and said if the constable failed to appear to a summons, then a warrant would be granted. From the statement of Mr. Butt it appeared that the constable had formerly been in the army, and that it was his intention to enter it again. For this purpose he had given the requisite notice to leave the force, but that did not expire until the 25th inst., and the object of the application was to keep up the discipline of the service, and to show to the men that they could not do as they liked. The magistrate then granted a summons, but made it returnable before the usual time. The defendant's answer to the complaint was that he met with some old comrades in the army, and had too much to drink. He further said that while serving in India he received an injury to his head, and that was the cause of the drink taking so much effect upon him. The reason he did not parade for duty was that he did not feel competent for it. Mr. Dayman said that was not an excuse for remaining from duty ever since. Discipline in the force must be kept up, for if all the men were to leave in that way the public would be left unprotected. He fined him 40s, and in default to be imprisoned for one month. The fine was subsequently paid.

**IMPORTANT TO LICENSED VICTUALLERS.**—Mr. Alfred Smith, manager of the Bridge House Hotel, Wellington-street, London-bridge, was summoned by the police, for "that he being a person keeping a public billiard-table did unlawfully allow certain persons to play at such table after one o'clock and before eight o'clock in the morning, contrary to the statute," &c. Sergeant Barker, 11 M, said that about three o'clock on the morning of the 27th ultimo he heard the noise of billiard-balls inside the Bridge House Hotel, and on knocking at the door the night porter admitted him. He told him he must examine the place, and on entering the billiard-room he found four persons playing at billiards. Mr. Woolrych asked if he saw the defendant, or any other person, acting as manager. Witness replied in the negative. The only persons he saw connected with the house were the porter and marker. They told him the manager was in bed. Witness never saw money pass. Mr. Philbrick, who appeared for the defence, contended that his worship had no jurisdiction, unless proof was given, as to whom the licence was granted under the act. There was nothing to show that Smith was the party. Mr. Woolrych here asked who was the landlord of the house. Sergeant Barker replied that the licence was granted to Mr. Sidney Spencer, but he had been recently declared a bankrupt, and he understood that the defendant Smith was put in the hotel as manager by the assignees. Mr. Philbrick said that on Mr. Spencer coming to the Bankruptcy Court, the trustees under his bankruptcy placed Smith in the house to look after it on their account. Owing, however, to his misconduct, they dismissed him on Friday, the 1st instant. However, he (Mr. Philbrick) contended that the charge could not be sustained, as proof must be made that the party summoned was duly and properly licensed. In answer to Mr. Woolrych, Finsbury, the summoning officer, said that when he served the summons he was told that Smith was expected in every moment, and that they would give it to him on his return. Mr. Woolrych observed that there had evidently been a breach of the law, therefore he should adjourn the case to enable the officers to make some further inquiries.

**THE BLEAKLOW MURDER.**—Edward Wager has been tried at the Derby Assizes for the wilful murder of his wife, Harriet Wager, at Great Longstone, Derbyshire, on the 24th December last. The story, as told by the witness, did not differ in any respect from that which was reported at the time the crime was committed. The prisoner was a farmer, dwelling at Bleaklow House, a farm situated in the Peak district, Derbyshire. He was a very violent man, and his wife seems to have lived in great fear of him. On the day named above she had been to Stoney Middleton, a little town a mile or two off, and returned from there with a young woman, whom she prevailed on to stay with her in the house all night. Her husband was not at home at the time, but came in shortly after, and at once began to ill-treat his wife. She bore his attacks for some time, but at last ran away from him, and clambering over wall fences she did her best to escape him. He ran after her, and overtook her just as she was passing through a little gate-way near a deep pool known as the Veil Dam. Two miners chanced to be passing, and they saw the deceased throw her shawl from her head, and heard her cry "Oh, help me, or he'll murder me!" The lower part of her face was then covered with blood. The miners feared to interfere, and turned away, but had not gone more than a few steps when they heard the prisoner say, "Her's in the dam." Some time after her body was found there, and on examination signs of the brutal ill-treatment to which she had been subjected were found on various parts of her body. During the trial the prisoner behaved with unseemly levity. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy. Sentence of death was pronounced with the usual formality. The prisoner was laughing as he left the dock.

The following appeared in our latest Edition of last week.

FULL PARTICULARS  
OF THE  
EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCES  
AT DUBLIN.

(BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.)

DUBLIN, Wednesday.

It appears that between six and seven o'clock last night bodies of young men of the lower orders, such as labourers and the poorer class of operatives, were observed stealthily proceeding, for the most part, in pairs along the Crumlin Round Tower and Rathmines roads. Their movements were watched by the police, who, from previous information, were not unprepared for some demonstration. At about half-past nine o'clock about 500 persons were observed at Temple-road, near the Palmerstown-fields, where they seemed to be waiting for some persons.

The police immediately sent information to the Portobello Barracks, and a troop of the Scots Greys, with a detachment of the 92nd Highlanders, were sent to the place, but when they arrived there no one was to be seen, as the whole party had made their way towards Tallaght. At Kilmainham Inspector Shelly sent to the Island-bridge Barracks and the Royal Barracks from which the 9th Lancers and the 52nd Regiment were immediately despatched.

In the meantime the police at both sides proceeded along the roads and stopped all suspicious-looking parties. Sergeant Innis and a number of the constabulary met a body of about eighty, marching in regular order. The sergeant saw a rifle with one of the party, and he immediately rushed over and caught the Fenian by the sleeve, while the policeman who was with him snatched the rifle out of the man's hands, and threw it inside the ditch. Immediately another person levelled what appeared to be a gun at the policeman, who had to fly before these overwhelming forces.

Towards ten o'clock about 700 had collected on the Crumlin-road, between the Wilkinstown-road and McGoldrick's-cross.

The news of the capture of some of the Fenians appears to have dismayed several hundreds who intended to take part in the rising, and they commenced in the most hasty manner to retrace their steps towards the city, crossing fields and going back by bye-ways.

Some who were taken unawares had revolvers (which were loaded), daggers, and rough dirks made of common sheet steel, stamped with the name of a firm in Dublin, and sharpened to almost the keenness of a knife. In many instances the handles of these novel weapons consisted of two pieces of wood bound together by a piece of strong waxy cord. On some were found American officers' swords, while others were armed with common shoemakers' knives.

Passing on the Nass-road, immediately outside the police barrack of Kilmainham, the police stopped a butcher's cart which was freighted with daggers and knives, and in which were concealed five or six persons lying in the bottom of the vehicle. These men were evidently trying to escape observation.

It is a curious circumstance that all the persons arrested were supplied with bread and meat. A young man was taken into custody opposite the police station of Rathmines at about eight o'clock, having a rifle, with a bayonet attached, on his shoulder, and a sword and dirk. Altogether, about thirty-one prisoners were arrested, and on one was found a green silk flag, which had evidently been used before, having on the centre a white harp.

Along the roads and in some of the ditches the police found a few rifles, several bowie-knives, and other weapons, but not a single pike. Some of the prisoners had percussion caps, wadding, powder, &c., in their possession, and the police are certain that by daylight they will discover many more of the weapons which were thrown away.

DROGHEDA, Wednesday.

Last night nearly 1,000 Fenians assembled at Corn Market. The police marched towards them, when the Fenians fired. The police returned the fire, and wounded several. The Fenians fled. Twenty-six were arrested. Rifles, pistols, swords, and Greek fire were captured. Telegraph wires cut northwards, but repaired at once.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—Corns cured in one day, by using ALEX. ROSS'S CHIROPY. This preparation gradually dissolves the corn in a few hours, removing the very root. Price 4s., sent by post for 6d. stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

HAIR CURLING FLUID.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S Curling Fluid cures Ladies' or Gentlemen's Hair immediately. It is applied. Sold at 3s. 6d., sent free for 5d. stamps. Ross's Toilet Magazine, 1s. 6d., or 20 stamps.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes, without effect to the skin, superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms. 3s. 6d.; sent the same day as ordered by post for 5d. stamp.

UNIVERSAL TOURIST COMPANY, LIMITED  
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**DAILY EXCURSION SERVICE TO PARIS** in twelve hours will commence on the 15th April, 1867.  
2nd Class, return tickets ... ... ... 30s.  
3rd Class, ditto ditto ... ... ... 24s.  
One week in Paris, including return Fares, Board and Lodging, Interceptors, Insurance against Accidents, and Free admission to the Exhibitions,  
3rd Class ... ... ... ... ... £2 10s.  
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Periodical Excursions from London to Paris, and between the principal Towns of England and the Continent, and vice versa.  
First-class and private-family Excursions will be shortly advertised. For full particulars, ask for the *Universal Tourist Gazette*.

ALFRED DUROIS DE LAVIGERIE,  
General Manager.

March 1st, 1867.

**THE GREATEST MARVEL of the AGE** is GOOD'S PACKET of STATIONERY, &c., consisting of three Engraved Plates, viz.:—one Name plate, 4 in. by 2 in., highly polished, with name engraved; one neat Plate for Stick or Umbrella, with name; and a Seal Plate with Initials, engraved reverse, for stamping envelopes, &c.—24 sheets of cream Note-paper, 25 Envelopes, Penholder, and one dozen Pens and Blotting; 50 Book Labels (two sorts), the Ivory Memorandum Tablets, and an amusing Game of Fun for the Million, consisting of 52 cards, ornamental designs. The whole sent post-free for eighteen stamps, by W. F. GOOD, Engraver, &c., Bishopsgate Hill.

**A LPACAS**, 2s. 11d. the Full Dress.  
At KING'S,  
243, REGENT-STREET.  
Patterns Post-free.

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**M ONEY**.—A Gentleman is willing to ADVANCE CASH, to any amount, to respectable persons, male or female, in town or country, on their own security. The utmost secrecy can be relied on.—Apply personally, or by letter, to Mr. Robertson, Accountant, 21, Fish Street Hill, London Bridge, London, N.B.—This advertisement is genuine.

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